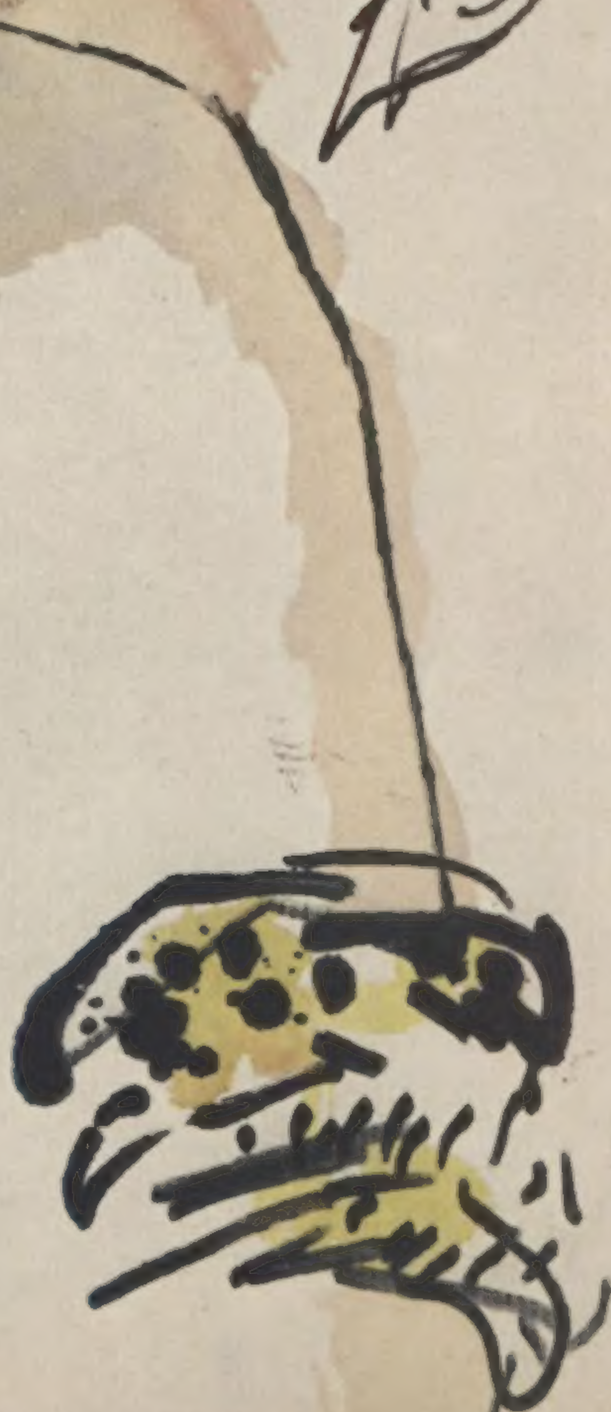
VOGUE

MARCH 15

International Good Looks



ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE SUPPLEMENT

opposite page 14

60 CENTS

TOURMALINE brand, Emba* natural pale beige mutation mink . . . designed by STONE & STONE, New York



*Trade-mark Mutation Mink Breeders Association Jewels—CARTIER Virginia Thoren

Luxury begins at the collar in a grand shawled sweep, overflowing its wealth to inspire a composition with a high priority on beauty—in the rare TOURMALINE* brand, Emba* natural pale beige mutation mink.

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designed this
flowered city costume
in deep red silk.
The quilted jacket
eases over a dress with
pleat-puffed skirting.
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Made-to-Order Collection
on the Second Floor

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INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

MARCH 15, 1958



COVER

Portrait, here, of international good looks in essence, by the distinguished artist, René Bouché. The dash of red: lipstick, the great international face-maker. Here, Coty's Compatible Red, a new colour that could have been named by a fashion diplomat; designed as colour-at-large for the new fashion brilliants. Lipstick, at Lord & Taylor.

FASHION

53 Vogue's eye view of international charm
54-61 International good looks: Mrs. Thomas Bancroft, junior; Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; Mrs. Patrick Guinness; Princess Laudomia Hercolani; Duchess of Windsor; Mrs. Loel Guinness; Comtesse Michel de Ganay; Contessa Meta Corti; Mrs. Norman Winston; Contessa Alvise di Robilant
62 Fashion in Italy—a six-page report
68 Great new jewels by Schlumberger
70 A glossary of fashion dash: new suit, gloves, jewels, handbags
72 Silky suits: crêpe-soft jacketing
74 City casting for the new dark blues: town clothes-shapes
78 Paris: the new soft shapes of silk-dressing
80-85 Surprise elements in the new spring coat weather: mohair, city-white, jersey
94 Good buys: fashion-diet with a low dollar content
98 Blousing takes the fashion line: dress looks based on blouses
104 Love of two oranges: the orange hat; orange suit
106 The new high-octane pink—tawny lingerie
110 Paris Originals to make from Vogue Patterns
124 Little-girl look—for little girls

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

86 Brigitte Bardot
87 People Are Talking About . . .
88 "Brazil." By Allene Talmey
107 "A Present for Aunt Bessie." By James A. Michener
108 "Sea-change." A short story by Sylvia Berkman
114 Gossipy Memo on Travel: Resorts in three countries

FASHIONS IN LIVING

114 Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez' drawing room
116 International good looks for the house—found in American shops
120 Easton—Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez' Long Island house

DEPARTMENTS

46 Vogue's School and Camp Directory
48 Shop Hound

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.

Vol. 131, No. 6
Whole No. 2006



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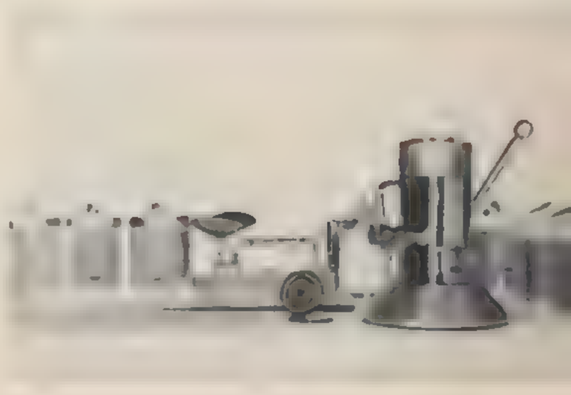
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March 15

VOGUE

Trade Edition

INTERNATIONAL FASHIONS

From Italy: a six page report—day and evening looks (pages 62 to 67)

From Paris: new soft shapes of silk dressing (pages 78 and 79)

SPRING FASHIONS

the next points to watch . . .

- *The blouse takes the fashion line . . .*

  with the bloused blouse, the overblouse, and the drawstring blouse to wear with slim skirts, late-day skirts, or at-home pants (pages 98 to 103)

- *The new dark blues for city . . .*

  coats and dresses cast for a spring in town—to wear with white hats, black patent leather accessories (pages 74 to 77)

- *New spring coats with surprise elements . . .*

  the mohair coat in a bright new splurge of colour; white day-to-day coats for city; jersey tweed, jersey plaid for a four-season fashion run (pages 80 to 85)

MORE SPRING FASHION IDEAS

Crêpe-soft jacketing for silky suits . . .

two dresses to wear with or without their soft little jackets (pages 72 to 73)

Accessories . . .

foot-long handbags for chemise dressing; the chemise-sheath glove; the focal pin; the orange hat (pages 71 and 104)

Stockings . . .

palely tinted for this year's fashion signature—legginess (shown throughout the issue)

GOOD BUYS

Four pages of spring clothes, often printed—featuring the good looks in fashion now . . . with low price tags (pages 94 to 97)

FASHIONS IN LIVING: International good looks for the house—found in America.

Turn to the next page of this trade edition supplement for

"Vogue Says" quotes to headline your newspaper advertisements and window displays.

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VOGUE, MARCH 15, 1958, VOL. 131, NO. 6

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"The new long torso—ruffles at the knees"

"The year's fashion signature—legginess"



"The towering turban"

"The mimic suit—a jacketed sheath"

"Suit in top form—front belted jacket"

"The white-coat citycism"

"Dash of red lipstick—international face-maker"

"The new smock shape"
"Downbeat blousing—over a ruffle of skirt"

"The soufflé coat"
"White city coats"
"City-country coats—new state of jersey"
"The bottle-shaped coat"

"The great blouse way of life"
"The blouse takes the fashion line"
"The fashion line—by blouse"
"The drawstring blouse"

"The orange hat"
"The snood—fresh hat-shape"
"White hats—with the new dark blues"

"Patent leather accessories—smashing for dark blue"
"Foot-long handbags"
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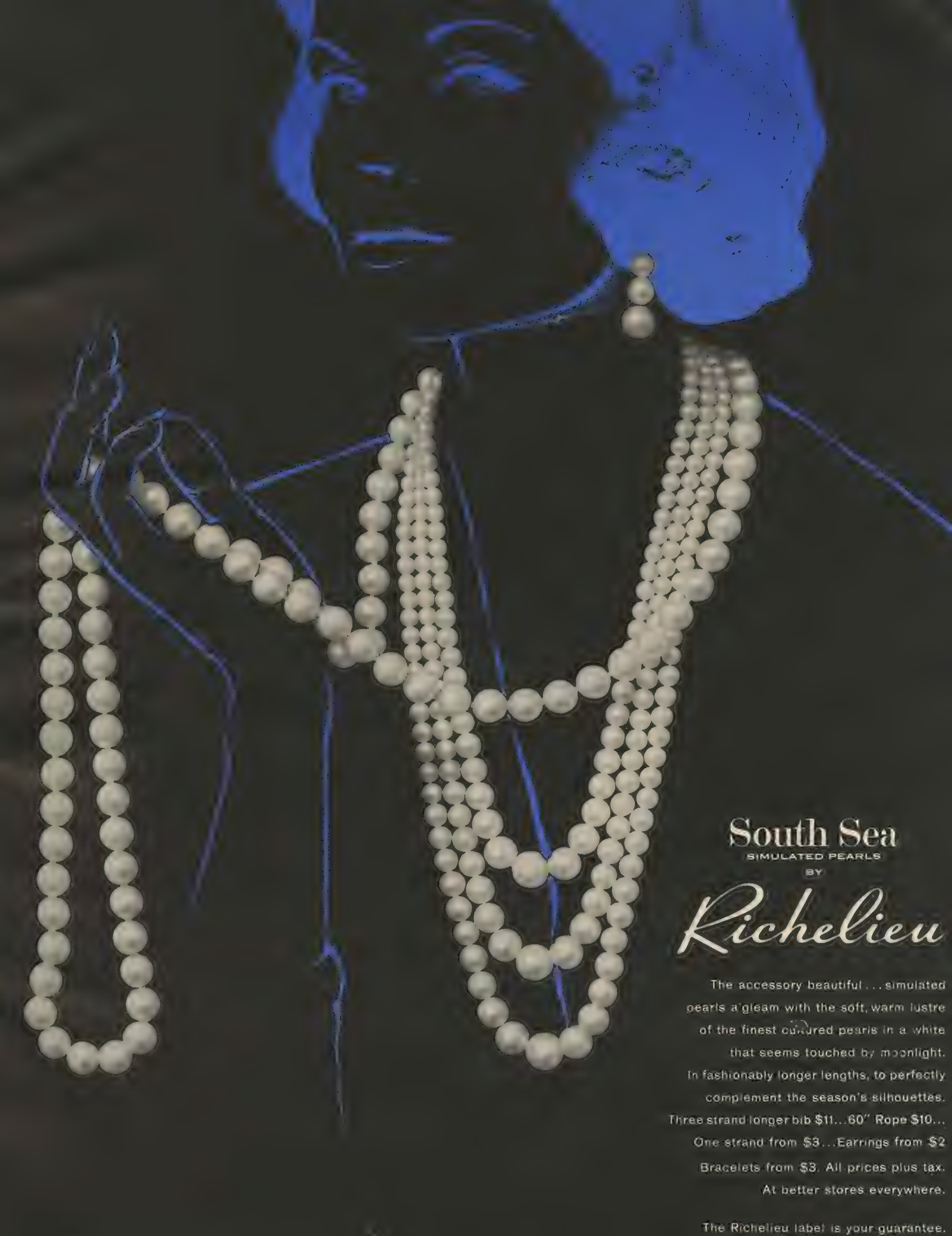
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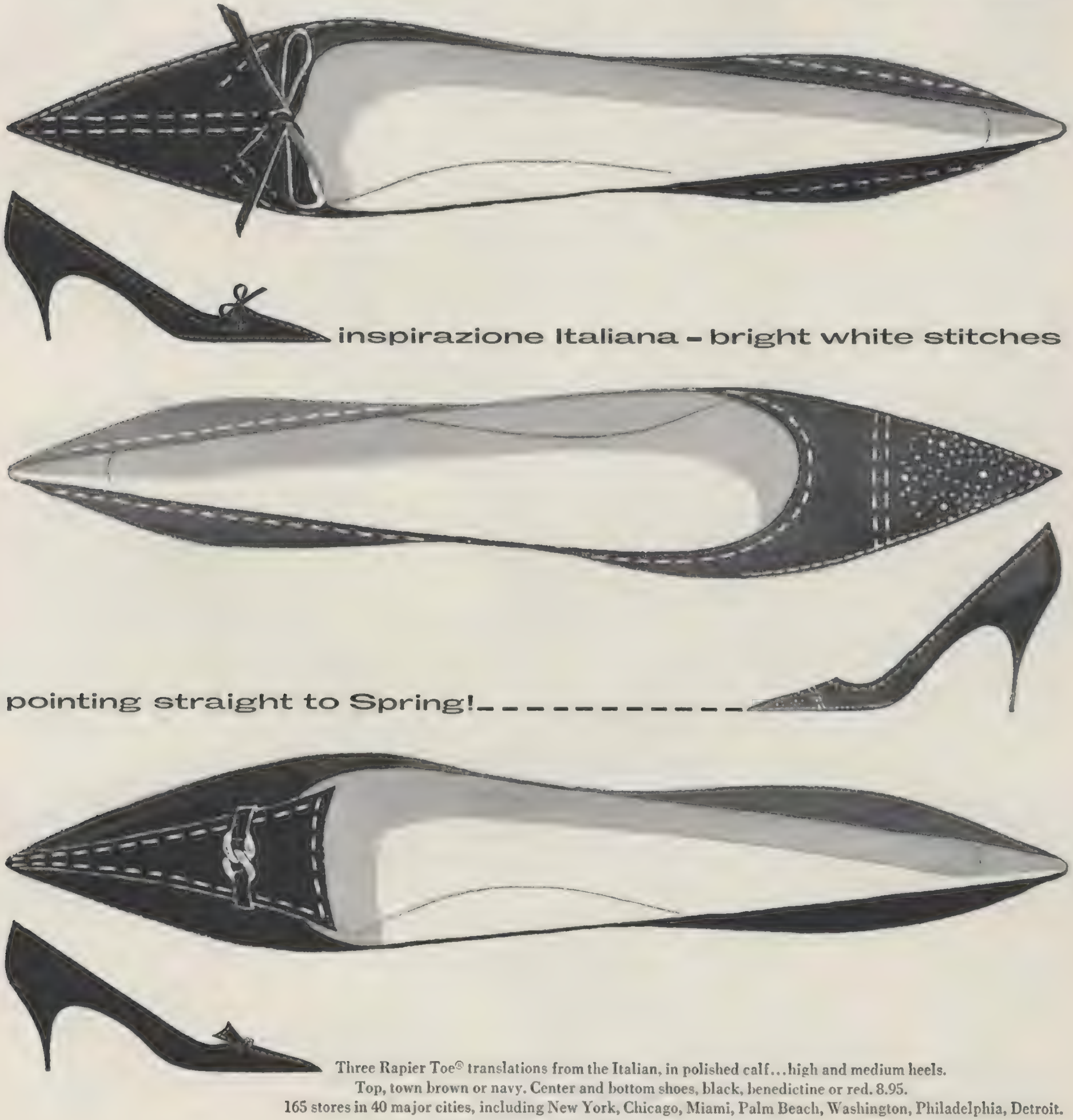
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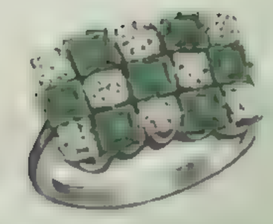
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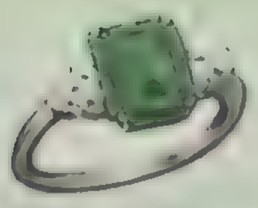
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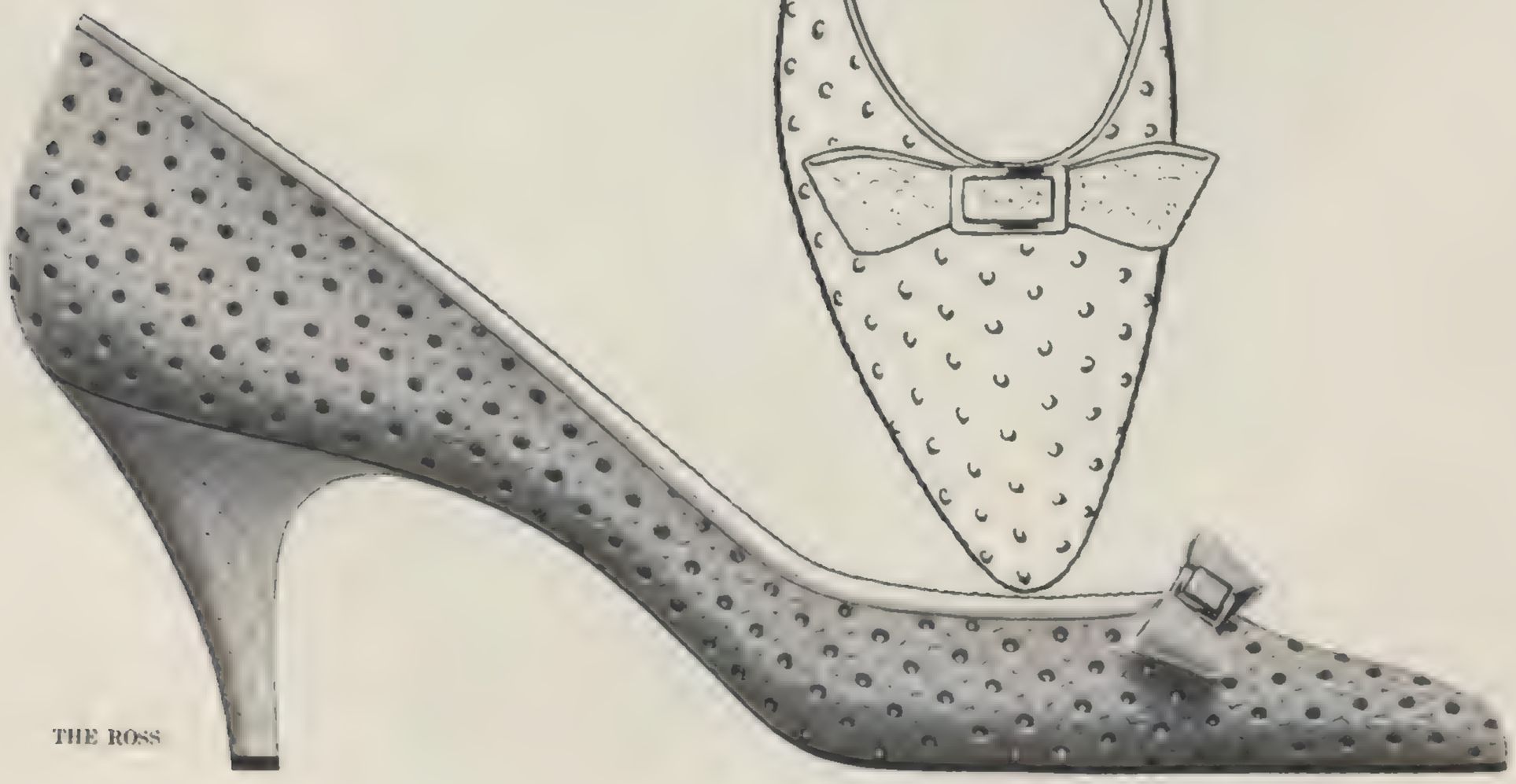
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Another way to put youth back into skin: compensating cream called Polyderm that provides *poly-unsaturates*—essential elements in youthful skin, just as essential in older skin to keep it smooth and moist. By Prince Matchabelli; $3.50* at Altman's.

Tranquilease, a cream that calms the skin, forms a protective film that relieves signs of tension and stress that may appear on the face. This is to be applied at night, or during the day before make-up. By Frances Denney; $15 at Bloomingdale's.*

A new liquid cream, Beauty Dew, does three things: it works over pores, penetrating to clean them; it helps to prevent blemishes by destroying impurities; it softens skin, adds "dewiness," with its ingredients. By Helena Rubinstein; $1.35*, at Bonwit Teller.

For lily of the valley lovers—Premier Muguet cologne stick to use as a scent and freshener. This comes in a tidy swivel case that could travel easily. By Bourjois; $1 at Bloomingdale's.*

What could be considered part of the Paris Youth Treatment—Crêpe de Chine, one of the classic perfumes of France that adds vivacity and warmth to a forest-flower base. By F. Millot; $22.50* for the 1 oz. size, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

To put hair back in its hey-day, new Roux Color Curl that has four benefits. It adds temporary colour (choice of six shades); sets a hair-style; guards a coiffure from limpness caused by damp weather; contains sun-guard to prevent fading in too-sunny weather. There's a colourless version, too. $1.50* at Stern's.

Salad day for soap: Savon au Suc de Laitue that contains actual lettuce-juice (soothing to delicate skin). It's imported from France, is lightly perfumed, comes in lovely lettuce-green bars. By Coudray; three for $3 at Caswell-Massey.

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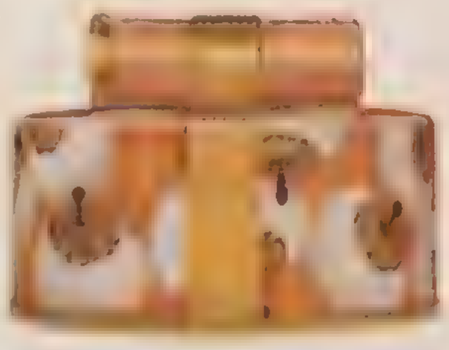
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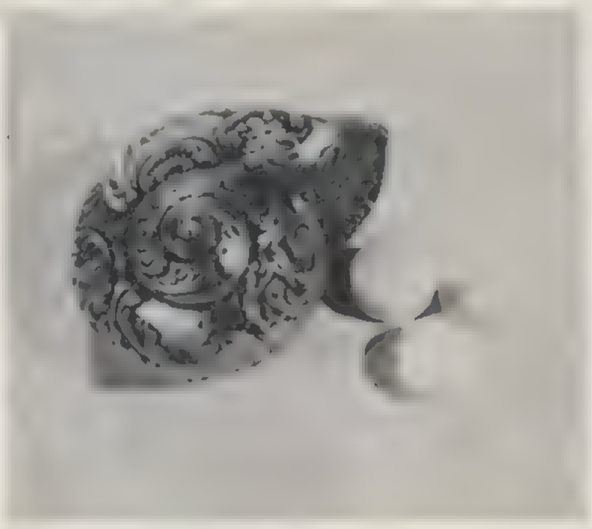
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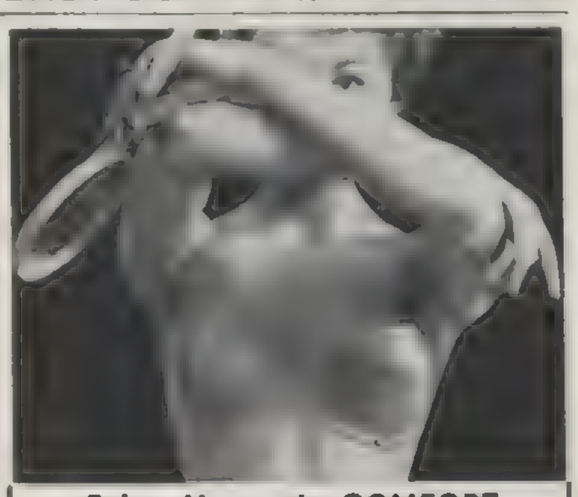


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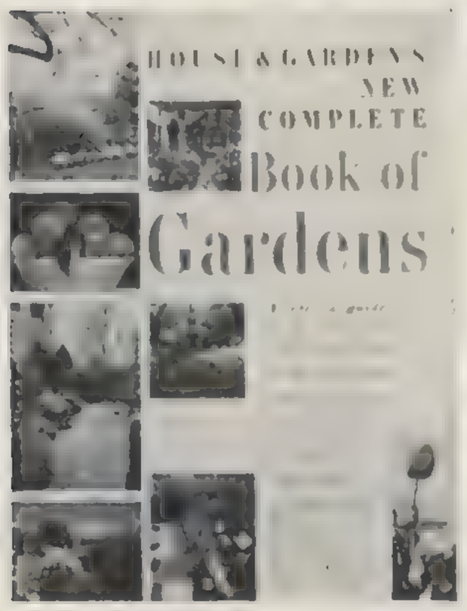
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New sandal stature . . .
a low curving heel the right height for slim pants, cotton dresses. Made in Italy of black calfskin, the shoe would be a good "tourist" shoe when the schedule is sight-seeing first, luncheon afterwards. Sizes 4 to 10 medium; 6 to 10 narrow. $12.95 ppd. Bloom Shoes, 311 Sixth Ave., New York 14.



MIEHLMANN

Alligator knee-desk . . .
a delightfully tractable brown alligator "book" fitted with pockets for stationery and stamps, a zipper to keep the correspondence from winging away before it's mailed; 10" x 8" size. $85 inc. tax. Dunhill, 50th St. & 5th Ave., New York 20.

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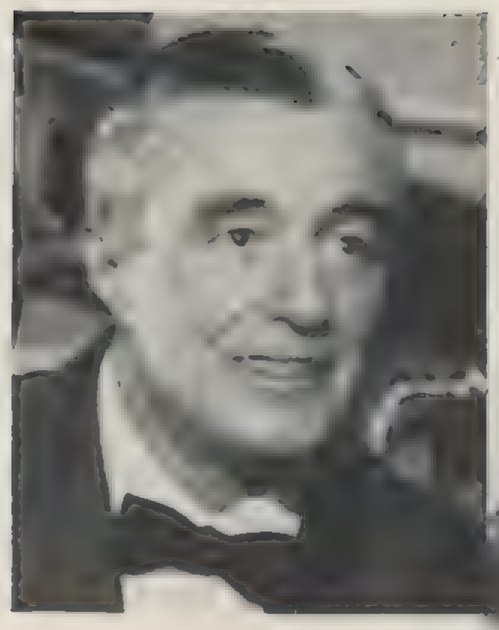
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MARCH 15, 1958 VOGUE



Vittorio De Sica, dark and flashing; actor, director; his views on beauty, p. 54.



Sir Edmund Hillary, rugged, driven; first man over land to the South Pole.



Leonard Bernstein, wonderfully irascible talent; new musical director of the New York Philharmonic.



Peter Lawford—durable good looks—TV's "Thin Man."

Vogue's eye view of international charm

You can't paint it on like gold or woad or eye shadow. For charm there is no formula, no special diet, no miracle substitute, not even a likely vitamin. Yet it's wonderfully durable and ten times as international as Coca-Cola. (We suspect it's also old stuff: some one of the Neanderthals must have had it if one just knew whom.)... On the next eight pages, Vogue has collected photographs of some of the great international beauties, charming women at this moment in time.... And here, in a fling of open admiration, we print our own gallery of international charmers among men.... If this page had no boundaries, we *could* go on and on....



Senator John Kennedy, boyish, high-minded—a political whizz-man.



Marlon Brando—tough and broody; now a blond in the movie, *The Young Lions*, based on Irwin Shaw's book.



Lew Hoad, smiley Australian tennis champ.



William Humphrey, lean and literary; author of *Home from the Hill*.



Eric Sevareid, "stout fella" CBS newscaster with a 12-cylinder voice.



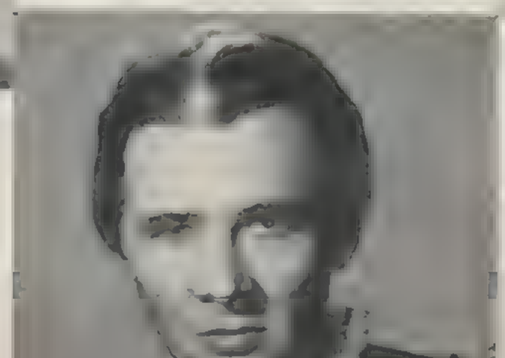
Yul Brynner, bald and compelling; now a Brother Karamazov in the new MGM-Dostoevski movie.



William Holden, the unsung-hero type — but sung; a star in *Bridge on the River Kwai*.



James Reston, *New York Times* Washington correspondent; a porcupine wit.



Cesare Siepi—got up here as that other unbounded-charm boy, Don Giovanni.



Anthony Nutting, worldly—with Foreign Office flavour; special writer on world affairs for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

International good looks

A transatlantic view by VITTORIO DE SICA

"When," Vogue asked Vittorio De Sica, "does beauty become international?" We asked Mr. De Sica mainly on account of his own high-powered dazzle, which—since he began his career as a singer of Neapolitan love songs—has made him a *coqueluche des dames* Italian and international. As a movie director, he is known not only for casting beauties as beauties, but also for his unerring eye for "great" faces in unexpected crowds. . . . Here, his reply to Vogue, received by cable as we went to press.

Since the first pictographs, literature has been concerned with feminine beauty—with eloquent descriptions of a chance encounter, on the street, in a railway station or a hotel, in Paris, in London, in Rome, or Istanbul. And reading these, imagining the circumstances, we have tried to identify in life beauty of this magnitude. In this way, we have gained an idea—theoretical and practical—of feminine beauty the world over. With both dream and reality to guide us, we can point out—each of us according to his own view—subtle geographical differentiations.

Italian women have seductive figures: curving hips and bosoms; their way of walking is unstudied rather than regal, reflecting a characteristic modesty, amounting sometimes to an inferiority complex. In short, their beauty is a triumph of form.

With French women, it is quite a different story: they seem to come off the drawing-board of a designer, elegant, deliberately stylized. They have definite sex-appeal; yet this is not as obvious as it is with their Italian sisters. Men admire the way they dress, and the way they move and walk as well.

Nordic beauty is classically cold. A man can not help being fascinated by the possibility that under this apparent calm there lies a maximum of passion. Still waters run deep, and appearances are notoriously misleading.

Americans have delicate, honeyed, almost baby-doll complexions. It is a pleasure to look at them, and in America one finds not thousands of beauties, but millions. It becomes hard to understand why they are not all in Hollywood, their logical destination. Their long legs and sculptured bodies create a new standard of woman. To a European man, they seem to stand, remotely, on a pedestal. If he has the luck to kiss an American woman, he feels as if he were challenged by a statue, and thus he is all the more delighted when she comes to life in his arms.

Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, junior

Still in her mid-twenties, Mrs. Bancroft looks even younger: her face, with its gentian-blue eyes, its frame of pale-blond hair, has an almost childlike perfection. With her husband, and a blond five-year-old daughter, she lives in New York, where she entertains often and brilliantly. An excellent amateur figure-skater, she went this winter to St. Moritz to learn skiing. Mrs. Bancroft is the former Miss Margaret Bedford, daughter of Mrs. Frederick H. Bedford and the late Mr. Bedford.

CECIL BEATON





Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

With a clear-cut beauty of feature, Mrs. Vanderbilt combines a rare beauty of figure and carriage. Her extraordinarily small waist, long neck, and small head with its high coif of golden-brown hair, are superbly set off here by her dress of black satin and black cut velvet—called by Mainbocher, who designed it, "Madame X," after the famous Sargent portrait. Before her marriage a year ago, Mrs. Vanderbilt was Miss Jean Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Daggett Harvey, of Chicago.

CECIL BEATON

Mrs. Patrick Guinness

Mrs. Guinness is an international
beauty in the true sense: the former
Countess Dolores von Furstenberg,
she is half Mexican, half German,
and now lives in Paris with her
British husband and two small children.
The beauty is, of course, indisputable:
magnificent deep-grey eyes,
ash-blond hair, chiselled profile.
She wears a Dior chemise dress
of heavy white lace with
three black velvet bows at the back.







The Duchess of Windsor

INTERNATIONAL GOOD LOOKS

Three distinguished women: the way they dress for parties in New York, Paris, Rome

Left: Princess Laudomia Hercolani, one of a group of spirited young Roman beauties who are often first to wear an extreme new fashion, has worn this, brilliantly, at parties in New York and Rome (where we photographed her). Dior's very short, embroidered chemise dress in pale blue and silver, the belt low on the hips, the skirt. shortest since the 1920's.
Above, right: The Duchess of Windsor, who has worn the short Dior chemise dresses this season with notable success. also likes this full-length, semi-chemise version, in which she was photographed in Paris: brilliant-blue brocade, draped and lightly fitted in front, straight and unfitted at the back; the overskirt forms a slight train.
Directly right: Mrs. Loel Guinness lives in Paris, where we photographed her in one of her favourite dresses of the season (it went with her to Palm Beach) : Patou's oval-necked sheath in orangey-gold printed silk organdie with a gold metal thread, worn over a gold lamé undersheath.



Princess Laudomia Hercolani — WANDA GAWRONSKA

Mrs. Loel Guinness — SILVERSTEIN



Comtesse Michel de Ganay



Contessa Meta Corti

Mrs. Norman Winston



INTERNATIONAL GOOD LOOKS *continued*

COMTESSE MICHEL DE GANAY, the former Mlle. Victoire de Montesquiou-Fezensac, is one of the very young beauties in Paris now. Her dress is by a young designer, Pierre Celeyre: a pale-pink satin chemise tunic falling to the knee, over a long, shocking-pink underskirt.
MRS. NORMAN WINSTON, whose year is split three ways (Paris, New York, the Riviera), was photographed in New York, at her enchanting, small East River house. She wears Balenciaga's high-waisted white dress and superb, ballooning red coat, both in silk shantung organdie.
CONTESSA META CORTI, of Rome, was one of the first smart women to appear in chemise dresses; wears, here, Fabiani's black crêpe chemise cut perfectly straight in front, with, at the back, an extravaganza of drapery.
CONTESSA ALVISE DI ROBILANT is an American-born beauty (the former Miss Elizabeth Stokes, of Virginia), who now lives in Rome. We photographed her on a visit to New York, wearing Fabiani's balloon-skirted dress of black silk organdie, polka-dotted in black velvet.

Contessa Alvise di Robilant





Fashion in Italy

A 6-PAGE REPORT

The Pitti Palace in Florence is the unique setting for the Italian designers' collections, shown within the space of three or four days each spring and autumn. A curiously sentimental affair, these Florentine fashion shows, for the whole city of Florence takes on the air and manner of a welcoming hostess.

The Pitti Palace was built, according to Florentine legend, by the family whose name it bears, in the hope of having bigger rooms, bigger windows, and huger chandeliers than any *palazzo* then in existence. It is a fairly general conclusion that they succeeded. In any case, the enormous ballroom of the palace, at the top of three flights of red-carpeted stairs, seated last month, not too uncomfortably, six hundred visitors on the traditional gold *(Continued on page 133)*

SIMONETTA
Left, a slender fall of crêpe diagonals
pouffed at the hem of a short, short skirt.
(The man involved at the right is Folco Lulli,
the famous Italian actor: the scene,
the Rosati café on Rome's Via Veneto.)
Dress in America, at I. Magnin.
FABIANI
New twist to the chemise—
the twist finishing the stand-away collar
of this superb dress in
cocoa-coloured wool-and-mohair,
the now famous fabric by Ascher, Ltd.
Dress in America, at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

WILLIAM KLEIN

PIAZZA DEL DUOMO

Italian Collections



Left: Fabiani black semi-sheath, netted
by a floating dotted bubble of tulle;
the bubble, in fact, is an over-coat caught at
the hem of the fairly fitted black crêpe dress.
In America, at I. Magnin.
Right: From Simonetta, a new shape of chiffon,
downbeat blousing over a mere
ruffle of skirt. (Diagonal black and white
stripes, ever so slightly *pazzo*—and charming.)
Worn with this, a close-halo coif
of black tulle, black gloves.
Dress in America, at Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN ROME BY WILLIAM KLEIN



Italian Collections



Left: One of Simonetta's delightful *donna mobile* dresses. Printed chiffon floating from an Empire line over a narrow little slip-dress. (The two are joined only at the shoulders, which makes for perpetual floatiness in motion.) Dress in America, at Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. *Right:* Another wafting shape, by Simonetta, in a miracle of silk-and-wool *chiffon* that looks like silk, but hangs with new assurance. White, too, and worn with green leaves in the hair, green shoes, green gloves. Dress in America, at Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN ROME BY WILLIAM KLEIN

NEW COLOUR COUNTERPOINT:

Jewel-making news



While diamonds with diamonds will continue to delight
both the jewel-Cellinis and the women who wear their jewels,
Jean Schlumberger, who designs for Tiffany, has uncovered
a dazzling, almost pastel brilliance in new clusterings
of stones . . . olivines with peridot . . . rubies with amethyst.
These are typical surprises in M. Schlumberger's
enlightened jewel-making. The pale, potent beauty
of the jewels owes a great deal, too, to the
pastel gold in the settings—settings that appear to
absorb the gem fires and send them back renewed.
Jewelled boxes and sceptre-head ring, right,
were the stars of a recent Tiffany exhibition.
They are shown here larger than life-size,
in true colours. In each jewelled box,
pale yellow gold with turquoises and
peridots, sapphires, or spinelles.
On one, upper right, a ruby stem-end
for the melon. The boxes, one of which
was fitted as a compact, revive the
miniaturist's art with a new
flare of ideas; the design for them
first appeared in Vogue a year ago
as a drawing-board sketch.
The gold and platinum ring, of peridot and olivines,
has one large amethyst caged by diamond ribs.
Jewelled collar, on this page, fits flexibly low on
the neck. Rubies and diamonds, rosetted, string
an 18-carat gold ladder of amethysts and diamonds.
The shape, the choice of stones, and the pale gold
have a splendid Elizabethan look—the same lustre
found unexpectedly in antique gem-encrusted satins.

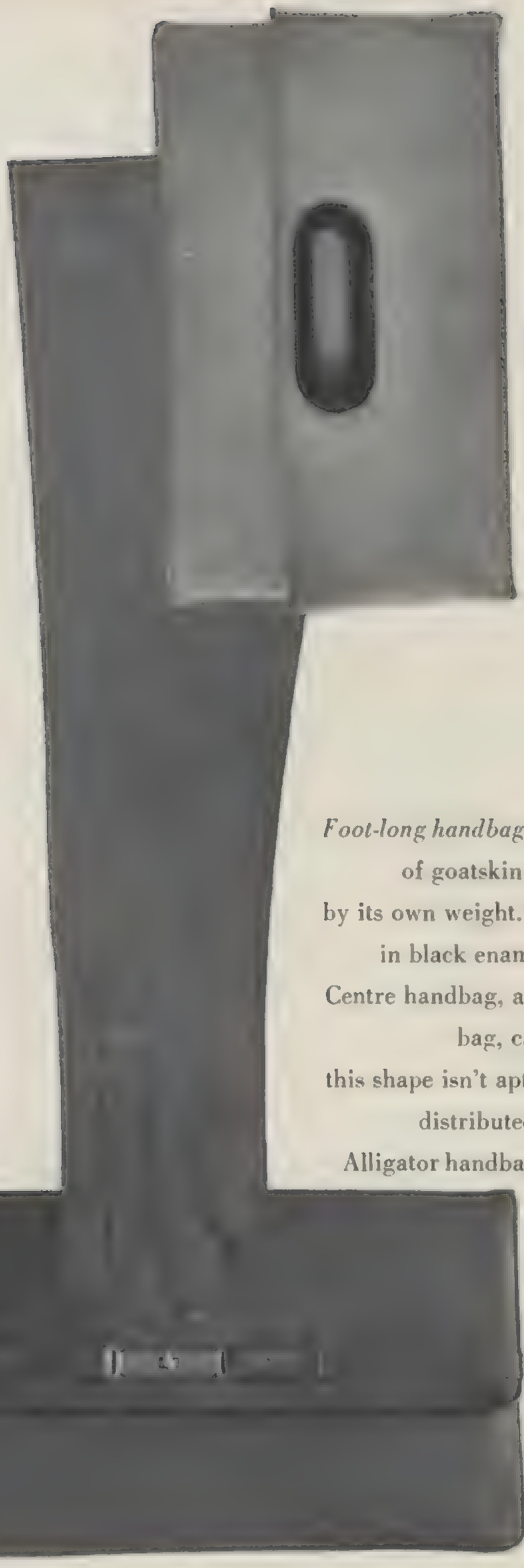


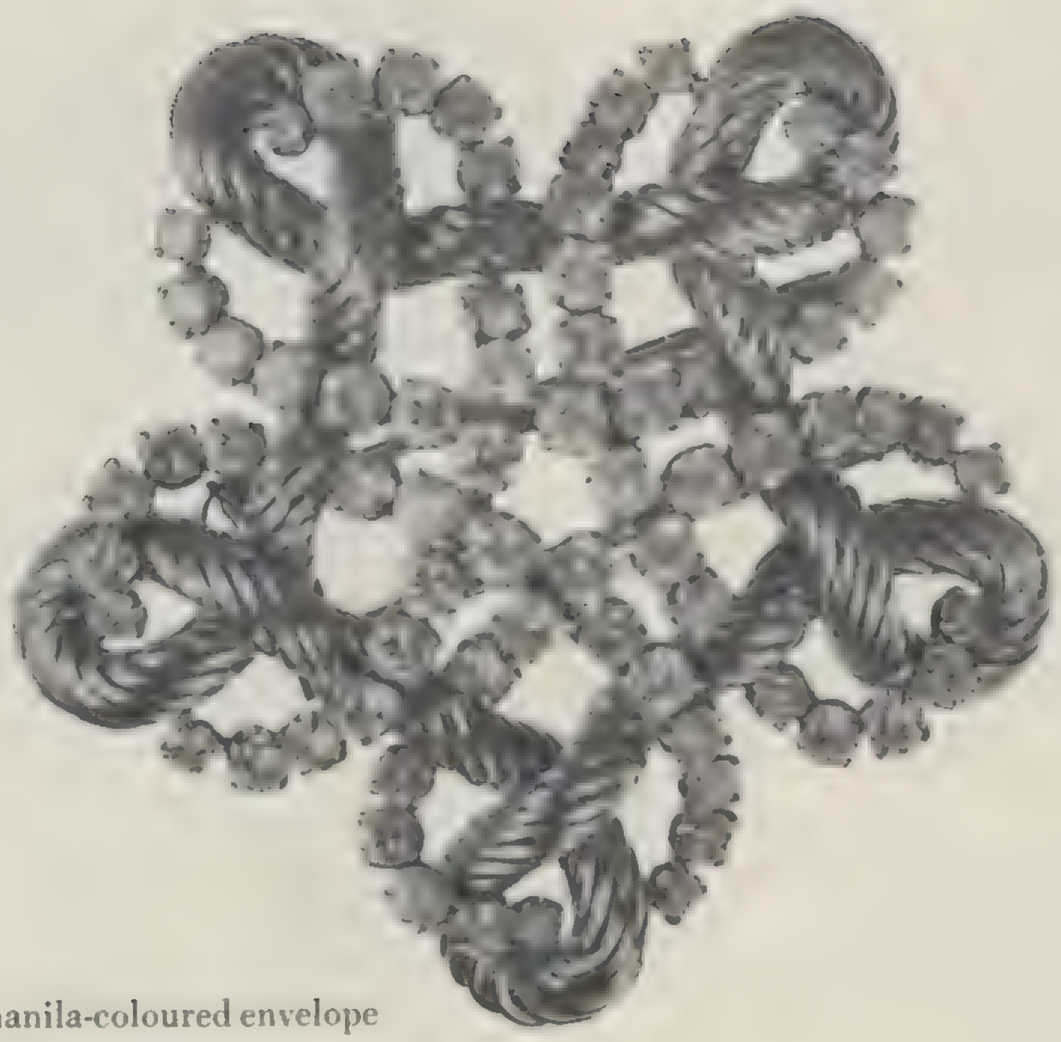


Suitmaking news: a glossary of new dash

This page, a suit with
this year's signatures—legginess,
the nearly-dispensed-with waist,
a tossed-off brand of chic that
can put black-and-white wool tweed and
a black-and-white checked gingham
overblouse in the same package.
This, by Galanos,
in a British woollen.
at Lord & Taylor. Evins shoes
to order: I. Miller.
Suit and shoes, also at
Montaldo's; I. Magnin.
Mary Grey stockings, at Altman's.
Emme hat. Marie Earle
Accent lipstick, by Lilly Daché.
Pavé diamonds in gold,
by Schlumberger of Tiffany.

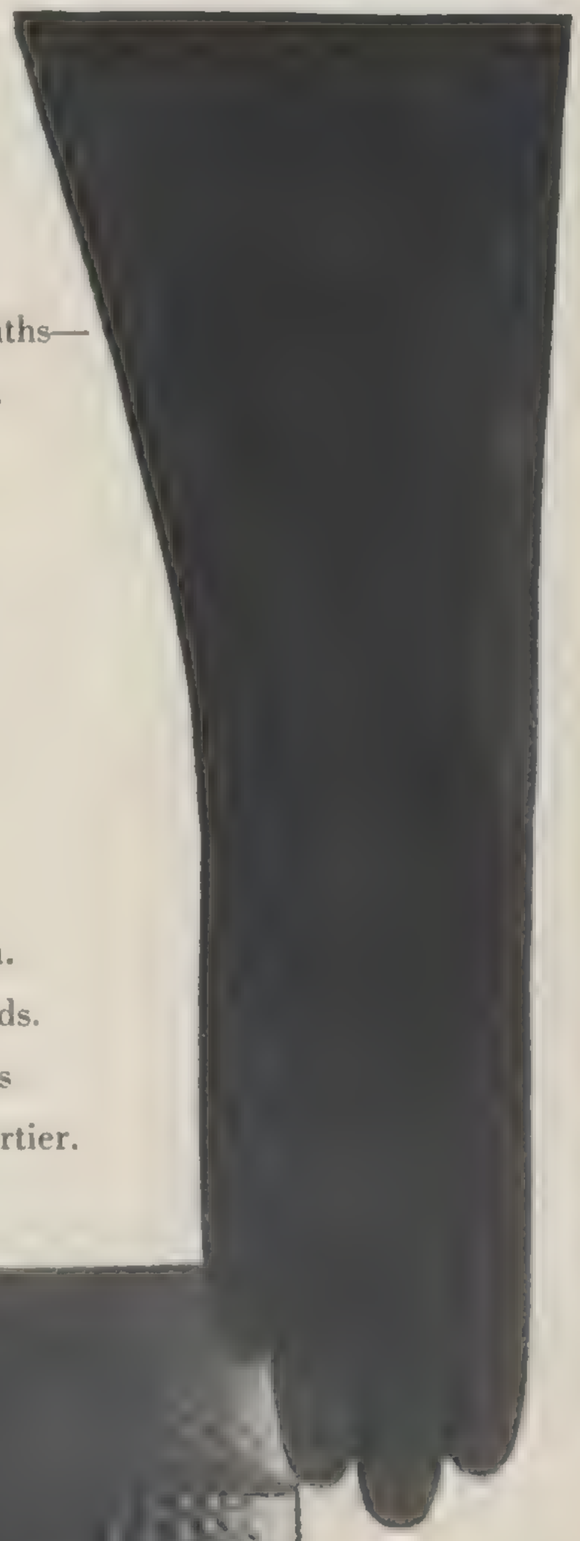
HENRY CLARKE

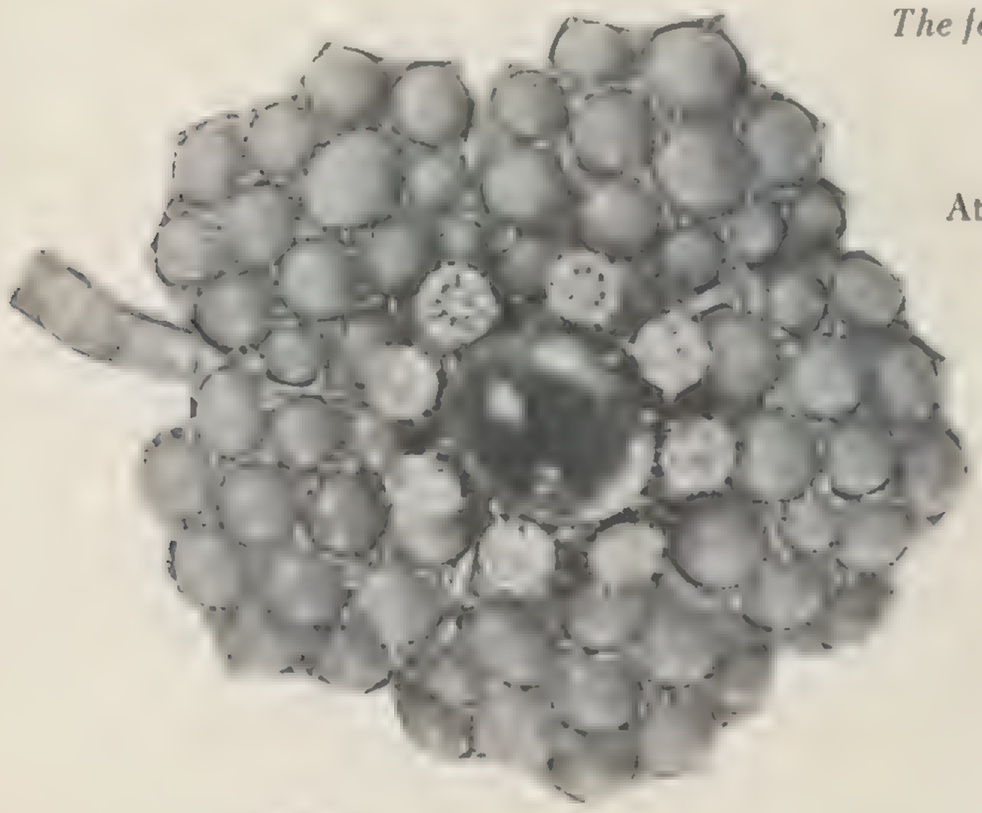




Foot-long handbags. Above, a manila-coloured envelope of goatskin folded over and held in place by its own weight. The file-cabinet handle is edged in black enamel. By Koret, at Bergdorf Goodman.
Centre handbag, a centre-strapped brown grained calfskin bag, carryable with chemised coat, dress, or suit—this shape isn't apt to idle; the space is there, just distributed differently. By Ronay, at Best's.
Alligator handbag, below, no bulkier than a rolled-up newspaper—one of the great dailies here, in black. At Lederer.

The expert glove. Top glove, this page—and by days-worn count through the coming months—a chamois-shade of doeskin-finished lambskin. The length, 8-button, to meet, or make, a sleeve. By Kislav, at Best's.
Glove, right, of black pigskin and numberless city uses: a good suit glove now; its texture is fine enough to crush below an armful of bracelets with a knitted city dress later. By Superb, at Bonwit Teller.



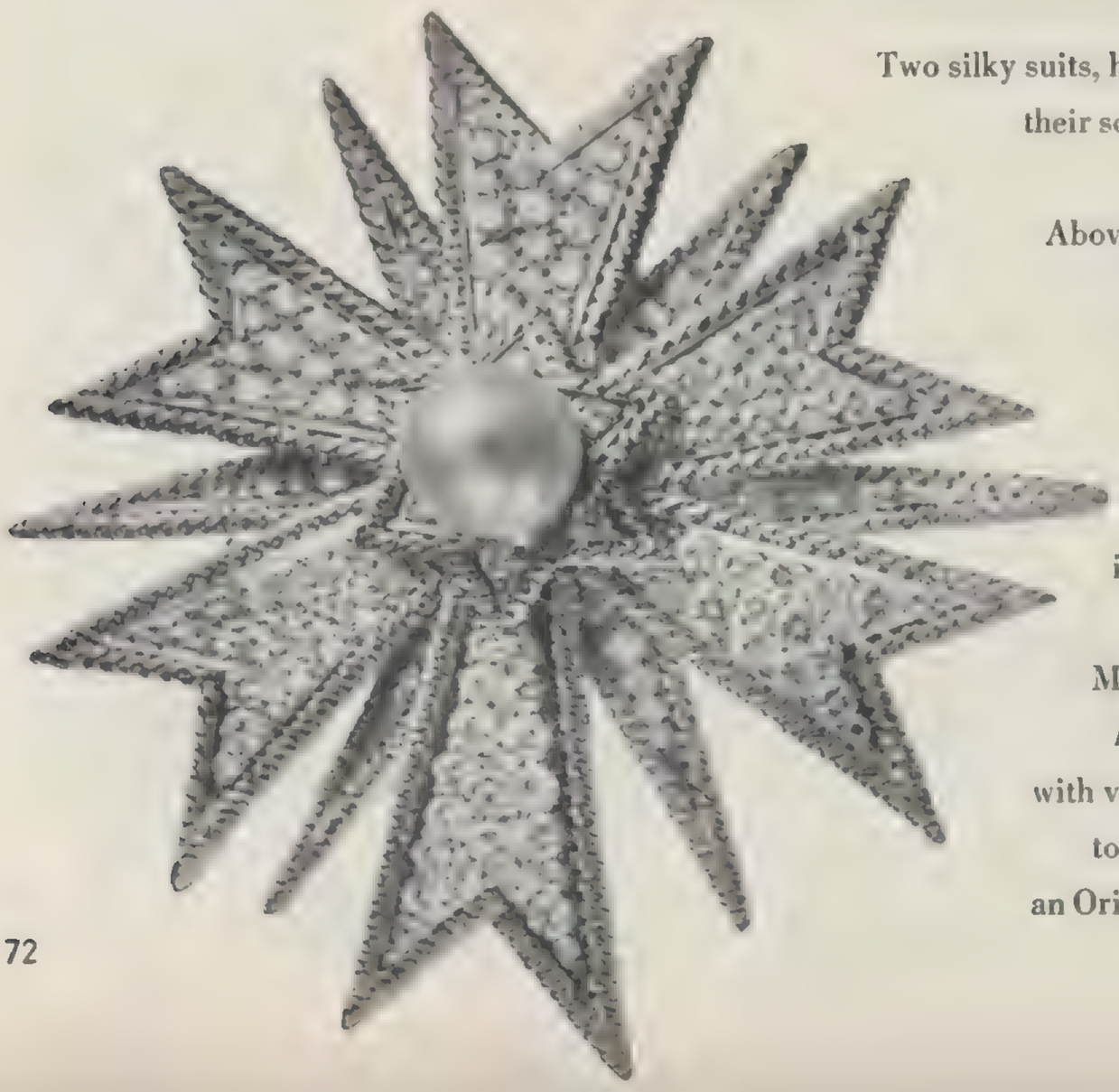


The focal pin. Above, eighteen-carat gold rope star blinking with seventy diamonds—enough jewel for one look, for one wardrobe really. By Verdura.
At left, pin of turquoises, cabochon sapphire, and diamonds. For the jewel case belonging to a woman who knows the smart shock value of turquoise. This, from Cartier.





Suitmaking news: crêpe-soft jacketing



Two silky suits, here, that could costume a woman with or without their soft little jackets—dresses like these, on their own, are apt to be under-coat dresses eight months out of twelve. Above, sand-beige crêpe dress self-contained here in its own silk cardigan. The scarf bow belongs to the dress. Anna Miller suit. in Chardon-Marché silk.

Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Right, a well-shaped navy-blue jacket over a dress with a low sweeping curve of neckline. This, by Ben Zuckerman in Swiss rayon crêpe (Abraham fabric). Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Emme silk-striped turban. Modernistics in the background, at Laverne.

Pin in the sun on soft jacketing, on dresses (see two here) with very few side issues going on. This, diamond lustre—total diamonds, 151—in eighteen-carat gold, an Oriental-pearl eye. By David Webb.

KAREN RADKAI







City casting for the new dark blues

New clothes-shapes cast for a spring in town (three here, more on the pages following)—all with one classic common denominator: navy blue. To wear with them—white hats, black patent leather accessories.
Farthest left: Bottle-shaped coat with a collar cowled by pleats. Continuing the tapered line, a high-piled turban of white crêpe. Coat by Jablow, of navy-blue textured wool: about $185. At Bonwit Teller: Nan Duskin. Hat by Irene of New York.
Centre: Young three-quarter coat darted to barrel-shape, with wide collar that points at back. More youth: the straw Breton faced in white organdie. Coat by Monarch, of navy-blue worsted; about $75 at Jay Thorpe; Woodward & Lothrop. Hat by Irene of New York.
Near left: Suit in top form—the top, a jacket belted only at front; its back, full-blown blousing. Under it, a dress with very narrow skirt, round neck. The hat, a white straw bicorne with navy-blue ribbons. Suit by David Goodstein, of navy-blue slubbed silk (Maxwell fabric): about $155. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Hattie Carnegie.

The new city-shapes of dark blue

continued

More navy-blue news here—three dresses, four hats, all lunching out. *At the left of this sketch:* a dress of navy-blue textured rayon with draped cowl neckline, narrow waist. The towering, folded turban is straw. Dress by Lilli Ann; $35 at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Next,* a smashing change from the smallish hats of winter—this white straw with large brim that could add *its* shape, successfully, to a new shape of dress or suit. By Hattie Carnegie; also at Hutzler's; I. Magnin. *Third,* chemise of navy-blue sheer wool, banded at the hip, necklaced in white piqué. Departure from narrowness (and whiteness): the slash-brimmed hat of black straw. Dress by Harmay; about $70 at Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. *Far right,* a dress and coat, both straight-lined (the dress, de-beltable). Fresh hat-shape—the white linen snood with bangs-topping bow. Costume by Paul Parnes. Coat, of navy-blue worsted; dress, navy-blue and white printed silk surah; about $190 at De Pinna; Montaldo's. All hats, these pages, by Hattie Carnegie.







Paris: new soft shapes in silk

DIOR: Left, pebble-printed doll's smock—
not the only pebble of this kind on
the Dior beach either; bow-tied
smocks with short skirts, back fullness
and cut-out necks *à la poupée* are
signets of the new collection.
This, with a reprise of the same silk
in the hat. Both in America,
at I. Magnin. Shoes: Roger Vivier for Dior.
LANVIN-CASTILLO mimic suit, right.
One of the trompe l'œil
series in the Lanvin collection,
the mimic suit is actually a sheath
cut in one piece with its jacket,
cut with a delightful new sense of youth.
This, of pale banana-beige silk
shantung with a pale-blue sombrero.
Both in America, at Bergdorf Goodman;
Marshall Field; I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE





Surprise elements in the spring coat weather

New mohair colourworks

Moving into spring, a carry-over of one of the great delights of the fashion year: soufflé coat—now a clear, dazzling strength of blue. Undercoat possibilities: chiffon, evenings, in a paler blue; white, day and late-day this summer. Three-quarter length coat, by Dan Millstein, of Ascher mohair-and-nylon soufflé; about $155. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Hummingbird smoky grey stockings, at Franklin Simon. Newton Elkin shoes. White pigskin gloves, by Fownes. More surprise colourworks: Pink Violet lipstick, by Elizabeth Arden.

March 15: collection reports in from both sides of the Atlantic—and suddenly, shopping lists all over America are clicking into shape. What's indicated first—and in many cases it's likely to be the most underscored item on the list—is a really knockout coat. (After all, from an audience point-of-view it's at coat level that fashion shows first—90% of the year.) On Vogue's personal list of coats with this spring's credentials for fashion: the mohair coat in a bright new splurge of colour. We'd start the ultra-blue coat at left on an undercoat-diet of greys, blues, blue prints; post-spring, lots of white and—for unexpected deliciousness—a shock of shocking-yellow linen. Late-day and later, one of the most charming inventions for a mohair coat, any season, is chiffon—drifts of it, in a paler version of the coat colour. (Newest evening zing with a bright blue soufflé: rose-printed chiffon. Last word you'll hear from us on mohair this issue: printed mohair—coming April 15 Vogue.) Now, about the white city-coats on pages 82 and 83. Our advice is—even if you have to enter into a pact with the local cleaner—own one. The fashion quotient here is almost high enough to offset maintenance costs. As for what-goes-with: no-colour colours look marvellous with city-white, as do black and brown. (We'd draw the line pretty firmly at pastels—unless it happens to be a resort city that you have in mind.) Third on Vogue's list of surprise coat-elements (because the pages happen to fall that way), the news of jersey tweed, jersey plaid in coats with the kind of jersey-dash that can make a nearly four-season fashion-run—and with fashion to spare. Findable, pages 84 and 85.

SANTE FORLANO



The white-coat citycism

Left: White coat that's news, mainly, for what it's not. It's not a resort coat, or a summer coat (though it could be both of those without turning a hair). Northern cities are white-coat territory now—and March fifteenth isn't a day too soon. By Davidow, in a soufflé of wool-and-mohair; $155. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin. Emme turban. Maserati shoes. *Right:* Narrowing white coat worn with pale dress, gloves, hat (pale surroundings are part of the city-planning of white coats). Frank Gallant coat, of Strong, Hewat worsted; about $125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman: Hutzler's; Frederick & Nelson. Dotted silk turban: Bergdorf Goodman. Bergère necklace. Nick Parker shoes.





New dash in jerseys: tweed; plaid

Left: Jersey-coat news beginning, here, with jersey itself—the soft springy depth of tweed makes this a new jersey. Coat in beige with the added lure of a stand-away collar, stand-away fit. By Marquise, of British woollen; about $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Orange silk turban, by Tatiana, also at Saks Fifth Avenue. Handbag, by Lederer. *Below:* City-country coat in one of the beautiful new states of jersey—navy-blue and white worsted plaided to never-before dimensions. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of British woollen; about $265. Handbag, by Coblentz. Both, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. City décor on the side: white straw cloche, by Emme.





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Missiles, money, and education, a combination never joined before in this country.... The parental relief at the knowledge that in some schools children will have to work much harder on the theory, not new, but newly applied, that young good minds are extremely tough. ... The needed revival of the word, "common."... *Oh, Captain!*, the new musical that is sometimes common, sometimes dull, and occasionally attractive.... Charles Laughton and Marlene Dietrich in the movie, *Witness for the Prosecution*, in which they both show off their ripened techniques to the thorough enjoyment of themselves and their audiences.... The triple pleasures of the Columbia album, *The Union*, which has memorable photographs of the Civil War, a distinguished essay by Bruce Catton, and a series of marches and songs, based by Richard Bales on the music of the North (1861-1865), including the briskly derisive song, "The Invalid Corps" and "Taps," a bugle call, presumably composed by General Daniel Butterfield who first ordered it played July, 1862, during one of the battles around Richmond.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The strong sculpture, particularly by Hadju, in the new sculpture show at the Guggenheim Museum in New York.... Gilles Segal, a beautiful-looking young man, whose pantomime stories, notably one about two roosters, are part of the Marcel Marceau program, now on tour in this country.... The book, *Human Relationships*, by Dr. Eleanor Bertine, who follows the theories of Dr. C. G. Jung, and in the doing explains away a great deal of the concealing shrubbery of the emotions; among her points: "A really good relation to the mother is perhaps the best single outer conditioning for a satisfactory marriage."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Cadence record, *Babs Caulkins*, in which Mrs. Caulkins gives an adorable kind of parlour entertainment, singing, with authority and without underlined parody, in her sweet, clear, resonant voice, such amusing old songs as "Splash Me" and "Chase Me, Charlie, Over the Garden Wall."... The Miltown effects of many of the old movies on TV, until counteracted by commercials which promise instant beauty or instant physical relief from everything.... The magnificent exhibition of Seurat paintings and drawings, with preparatory sketches, which has been at the Art Institute of Chicago before coming to the Museum of Modern Art in New York; this exhibition, the first important one of Seurat in this country, was organized by Daniel Catton Rich of the Institute.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Guiomar Novaes, a pianist of the first order whose tone, especially in the romantic music which she does best, sounds the way a flushed peach looks.... *A Place Without Twilight*, a first novel by Peter S. Feibleman, who has a discriminating feeling for words, knows the principles of writing, has a story-telling power, and is strong on creating those amusing, revealing, and naïve dialogues between children and child-like adults.... The "Lectour" guide service, electronic and automatic, at the National Gallery of Art in Washington; with this, visitors, using small radios and earphones, plug into art broadcasts which last about ten minutes and are repeated continuously.... *The Entertainer* by John Osborne who gets more despondent and more successful with each play, partly because he writes violent scenes that allow the cast, especially Sir Laurence Olivier and Brenda de Banzie, to thrash around for three acts in glorious, superb wooziness that takes enormous skill to keep from falling into the old burlesque drunk stuff.

BRIGITTE BARDOT (opposite) is a rather childish, and apparently tender girl who rarely acts. She is not only the star of four movies now in this country but also the darling of the intellectual movie-art theatres. Recently, four of these theatres in New York all ran Bardot films: *Doctor at Sea, The Grand Maneuver, The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful*, and *And God Created Woman*. No star has ever equalled that. Bardot, who has a kind of apparently unaware sensuality that is completely apparent to audiences, has a succulent skin which seems about to burst, and a tiger cub's nose, ready to nuzzle. In fact, she has the contours, superbly multi-magnified, of a nursling. (To some she recalls the sensuous, touching eighteenth-century sketches that Boucher drew of the lovely Mademoiselle O'Murphy.) Without artifice and without premeditated worldliness, Brigitte Bardot has a maximum of straight animal magnetism. It early caught Roger Vadim, an assistant film director who brought her to the attention of Marc Allegret, one of the best directors in Paris. As her entrepreneur, and three years later her husband, and a few years later her ex-husband, Vadim first insinuated her into lesser rôles, then into the big rôle of *And God Created Woman*, thus lighting the fuse for firecrackers that now light up the movie sky over Britain, France, and the United States.

WILLIAM KLEIN

BRAZIL

. . . its zooming boom, its riding passion for the contemporary

GAUTHEROT



Brazil sounds like a woodpeckers' convention. Practically everywhere, all over the country, from Pôrto Alegre to Recife, in Rio de Janeiro, and São Paulo, there is the sound of buildings going up, many of them imaginative, beautiful, unique. They are not only part of the boom, but also part of the ferment of interest in all the arts, in everything that is contemporary. Although the really poor walk, almost everyone else flies. In fact, the only way to get from the coast to the new Federal capital, Brasilia, rising in the wilderness in the interior of the country, is to fly there. Even the labourers and the steel for the new Niemeyer buildings go by plane.

For three hundred or more years the curving shoreline of Rio has been a classic beauty place, with, in the foreground of thousands of photographs, the lopsided smash of Sugar Loaf, as a mountain signature. Now there has been added the superb new Museum of Modern Art, a complex of school, galleries, theatre, *(Continued on page 90)*

The pale-blue Church of Santa Luzia and, in the background, the glass severity of the Education and Health building.

By Allene Talmey

At Rio's Guanabara Bay: the unique new Museum of Modern Art

Mrs. Paulo Bittencourt, like a steady force of nature, has almost singly created the power for this new Museum.

HARNISCH

Roberto Burle Marx, one of the few great landscape architects, has designed many of the world's best gardens, including the new Museum's.

GAUTHEROT





For Brasilia, the new national capital, this magnificent model of the President's Palace.

BRAZIL

restaurant, all designed by Affonso Eduardo Reidy, one of the dozen or more Brazilian architects whose work shows up in Europe, in Venezuela, in Argentina. There are, of course, some less-well designed buildings, especially among the white reinforced concrete hotels and apartment houses that stand in a ring like mammoth false teeth along the beach of Copacabana. The whole effect, however, of Rio is both soothing and exciting—the green trees, the blue sky, the green-blue waters, the mountains at the city's back that look as though they had been slapped out of shape. Now and then in the midst of the glassy newness of Rio, there stands a pale-blue baroque church or an old shrimp-pink house, perhaps with tall royal palms in front of it, showing that Portuguese nobility had lived there. If one flies to São Paulo, the plane goes over mountains that look from above like crinkled brown butcher paper. From on high the roads are a ribbon of narrow red clay, with the roadsides matted with mingy grey-green vegetation, like the Limpopo River.

If one flies to Brasilia, the view down is solid green broccoli. This jumpy wilderness town, now in the process of being built from nothing, seems to be a location shot for a Western movie—bars, juke boxes, men in blue jeans, big hats, and open shirts, people living in shacks, laughing. Where the horses would have been tied to a post, jeeps now stand quietly. A jeep at rest is the only quiet there. The design of this extraordinary city, ordered by President



Camargo Guarnieri, of São Paulo, one of the two most important Brazilian composers, his work orderly, emotional. ALBUQUERQUE

Mrs. Louis Octavio Novaes, of São Paulo, the young, bright daughter-in-law of Guiomar Novaes, the famous Brazilian pianist. ALBUQUERQUE





Oscar Niemeyer, one of the most original of the great Brazilian architects, in the Burle Marx garden of his own house. He designed the Federal buildings at Brasilia. GAUTHEROT

Kubitschek as a way to open up the interior to the boom, was conceived by Lúcio Costa, who sketched out two pages to explain how this fantastic city should look in the future.

To implement Costa's conception, Oscar Niemeyer, perhaps the most famous Brazilian architect, has designed the two tall buildings for the Congress, the low, enormous President's palace, all as contemporary as 1960. A small, gentle-voiced man, with brown eyes and a large forehead, Niemeyer has a strong face that slopes in like a Modigliani sculpture. Born, schooled, and trained professionally in Rio, Niemeyer is only interested when he is allowed to do something different. He sketches, eliminates, and then what remains is beautiful. In addition to his other commissions, Niemeyer is building some low-cost apartments in Rio for the workers in the various enterprises of Assis Chateaubriand, Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Chateaubriand publishes the magazine, *O Cruzeiro*, a number of daily newspapers, and runs not only a network of radio and television stations, but also the Schering drug company in Brazil. For Chateaubriand's people, Niemeyer has planned a unique set of buildings around gardens in which twenty thousand hummingbirds will live, presumably as happily as the workers. *(Continued on following page)*



Mr. and Mrs. Francisco Matarazzo, a powerful couple in São Paulo, organizers of the São Paulo Bienal, the most important international art exhibition in this hemisphere. ALBUQUERQUE



HORST

Mrs. Walther Moreira Salles, whose husband is a former Ambassador to Washington, possesses a young, serene beauty, an undeniable chic; she lives in a nobly proportioned contemporary house in which the furniture is colonial Brazilian, the paintings include ones by Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Portinari.



HARNISCH

Candido Portinari, Brazil's greatest painter, in his small studio, as organized and immaculate as an operating room.

P. M. Bardi, director of the Museum of Art, São Paulo—an eleven-year-old museum with no limitations; it includes works by Renoir, Tintoretto, Degas, Bosch, and all the Brazilians.

HORST



BRAZIL

Those gardens, like the ones at the new Museum in Rio, at the house of the Walther Moreira Salles, and at Niemeyer's own house on the side of a mountain with a ten-mile view down to the sea, are all designed by Burle Marx. This extraordinary man, big, loose-cheeked, with shaggy grey hair and a manner as informal as a paper napkin, has many talents as a painter, jewellery and fabric designer, and as a botanist. To his plant farm, about an hour from Rio de Janeiro, he brings flowers and plants and trees from the interior, crossbreeds others, develops strains, and then uses them ingeniously to further the aims of the architects. Sometimes he does gardens that look as though the plants had chosen to grow that way in that spot, sometimes his gardens look more like slightly askew Mondrians, as disciplined as a West Point quickstep.

For the new Museum's gardens, which will be the disciplined kind, he has been working with Mrs. Paulo Bittencourt, the executive director, who is known also as Niomar Muniz Sodré. A dramatic, hard-working woman, with black eyes, black brows, and Dior clothes, she started to write at sixteen, selling her articles and short stories to the great Rio

A Portinari pencil sketch of Copacabana Beach with, in the foreground, a mountainside slum. Only the poor and the rich have so magnificent a view.

daily, *Correio da Manha,* whose owner she later married. Her first interest in art began in 1941, in New York and Washington, where she saw her first Gauguins and Van Goghs. On that same visit here, she bought her first paintings: Braque, Picasso, Matisse, and Tanguy. When she went to Paris after the war in 1947, she bought Soutine, Dufy, Vuillard, Chagall, and Renoir. Now she has been buying Manessier, Tomlin, Rothko, Soulages, Kline, Pollock, and Poliakoff. She rarely glances back. Tomorrow is her today. She does not, however, discard. She incorporates. That, for example, is what she has done with the large, handsome Portinari portrait of her in the living room of the Bittencourt duplex apartment on Copacabana Beach.

Several miles further down that beach. Candido Portinari lives in an apartment of small rooms, crowded with furniture and objects. Only in one room, his studio, is there absolute peace for the eye. Although he is a small man, with gold-rimmed thick eyeglasses that make his blue eyes seem enormous. he fills that bare room with colour. most of it on him. His working clothes are apt to be a red-checked shirt, yellow-beige corduroy slacks, orange socks, and yellow-beige shoes. (His tie is black.) On his hands, because he *(Continued on page 132)*

Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazil's greatest composer, a man who loves to talk, to teach, to compose, to smoke, to play billiards.

MUNIZ





Good buys

FASHION DIET
WITH A LOW
DOLLAR CONTENT







Starting here, four pages of spring clothes—all open-faced about their good looks, but happily cagey about their unguessably low price tags. *Far left:* A cocoon chemise shape in black piqué with capelet collar, coin-size buttons. Outlay, about $30. By Mervin Ross; dotted hat by Betmar; both at Best's. Fownes gloves, also dotted, at Franklin Simon. *Near left:* A coat of flowered cotton hopsacking, worn over a chemise of coral pink rayon-and-Dacron—both, to be had for less than $40. More flowering: a straw Breton, brimmed in the same flower-printed fabric. Coat, $23; dress, $16; both by Hayette, in junior sizes. All, at Bonwit Teller. All the clothes on the opposite page, also at Neiman-Marcus. *Above:* Greenery and yellow flowers, printed on silk organdie, and a lot of prettiness for $25. The top, Empired by a cummerbund banded in green; the skirt, bouffant. In junior sizes, at Russeks; Wanamaker's, Phila. *Right:* Two pieces of value, buyable for about $25. Pale-green worsted jersey; its overblouse, cowl-necked and south-bound by a band and bow; the skirt is narrow, definitely shorter. Both of Sag-No-Mor fabric; at Gunther Jaeckel; Joseph Magnin. Cloche of daisy-printed fabric faced with straw, a John Frederics Charmer; Jana handbag; both at Altman's.

Good buys

continued



KAZAN



Left: Low-cost addition to a wardrobe portfolio—a suit of blue worsted, plaided in green, for $35. The top is blouse-y and bowed at back; the skirt, narrow. By Devonbrook, in junior sizes. Green straw roller by Dachette. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop.
Above: Two pieces, here, of Dacron-and-flax fabric, that could each perform in other teams. The overblouse, Paisley-printed in rose, red, beige; the skirt, beige pleats. Skirt, $20; blouse, $13. Beige raw silk turban by Dachette. All at Best's. Blouse and skirt, also at Famous-Barr.
Right: A dress that makes the most of itself, price-taggily speaking. It's a silk shantung sheath with separate overblouse of silk chiffon, both in the same turquoise and green floral print. The dress, lined in acetate taffeta. By Gay Gibson, of Goodman & Theise fabrics, in junior sizes; $30. Trifari bracelet. Both, at Altman's. Dress, also at Harzfeld's.
Far right: A simply-shaped, knitted cotton chemise with buttons going down the front, and marking the hip-level band. By Sue Brett, of navy-blue Security fabric, in junior sizes; $15. Hat of polka-dotted silk, by Miss Frederics. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Sakowitz. Calderon handbag.











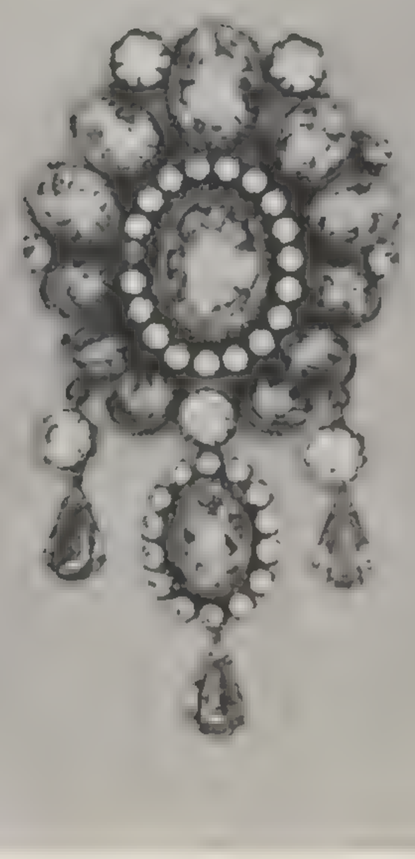
The blouse takes the fashion line

Meaning: whatever the fashion line—chemise, trapeze*, or simply ease—it's achieved now, more often than not, by blouse. Some of the newest two-piece dresses (two, right here) actually consist of a blouse, or overblouse, and a skirt. Nor does the great blouse way of life stop there: even one-piece dresses often look, via an easy line, like blouse costumes. *Above:* Long-lined, V-necked overblouse and slim skirt that add up, smartly, to a two-piece chemise—all the smarter for being white. By Masket Bros., in rayon crêpe; about $25. Peck & Peck; I. Magnin. White shantung hat by Emme. *Facing page:* Put-over and skirt, flower-printed in orange and pink on white Arnel sharkskin. By Helitzer. Blouse, $10; skirt, $12. Lord & Taylor; Battelstein's; I. Magnin. Castlecliff ring, above, $6 plus tax. Bonwit Teller.

*IN PARIS

GUY BOURDIN





The blouse *continued*. And here, above, it's in one of its purest, and prettiest, forms—an overblouse, yoked at the back so there's a generous *amount* of blousing, and tied at the waist over a slender skirt to match. In gold acetate-and-rayon crêpe from Julius Werk; blouse, $16; skirt, $16. Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. *Facing page:* The overblouse and skirt softened even further for late day—both, in pale-blue chiffon as sheer as smoke. Overblouse, with a draped, cowl neckline, $25; skirt, full, pleated, and taffeta-lined, $55; both by Doreen, in silk chiffon. Bonwit Teller; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. Drop pin by Vendôme; $15 plus tax. Altman's.

GUY BOURDIN







GUY BOURDIN



The blouse

continued

Facing page, far left: Overblouse and skirt, each a straight slash of orange silk barathea, that could run like a flame (or two flames) through almost any town schedule. Blouse, buttoned at back, $26; skirt, with its own belt, lining, $26. By Brigance of Sportsmaker. At De Pinna and Marshall Field. *Facing page, next left:* Drawstring blouse in orange-and-green flower print to bloom over day skirts (as here), late-day skirts, or at-home pants. The fabric moves about easily, too: Dacron batiste. By Adelaar; $8. Blouse and printed turban: Saks Fifth Avenue. The blouse, also: Hutzler's. *This page, above:* Boat-necked put-over pulled over a belted skirt, both in Mocha silk shantung polka-dotted in white (polka-dotting, plus blousing, adds up to a pleasant fashion-balance). Blouse, $17; skirt, $20. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Mocha-dotted cloche to match, by Emme. *This page, below:* Nice bright-work for almost any blouse—Monet's starfish pin in textured gilt metal. $7.50 plus tax. Altman's. *Directly left:* The two-piece chemise, in orange silk-and-rayon—the blousing here, so light it hardly causes a ripple. Put-over, buttoned at the back, with a bowed neckline; slim skirt. About $20. Best's; Frederick & Nelson.

Love of two oranges

The orange hat. Showing up everywhere—
in large or small shapes—the orange hat,
its tangy, brilliant colour a fashion-alert to spring.
At left, a cloche of orange straw, with crown ballooned back
to extra depth. The front cuts back to a bow,
to make way for bangs. By Lilly Daché;
at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

The orange suit. More reveille here—a suit, opposite,
with two excitements: the colour, the shape.
(High colourworks in day suits are the news now.)
Orange wool with a silk-looking grain, straight shape,
sleeves flounced below a dropped shoulder line.
With it, beige accessories, a Breton hat in full bloom—
gold rosebuds printed on white silk.
Suit by Dan Millstein, of British woollen;
about $110. Vera scarf.
Both at Bendel's Young-Timers. Suit, also at
Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat by Emme. The third orange,
to wear with more of same—Champagne lipstick, by Frances Denney.

HENRY CLARKE





A PRESENT FOR AUNT BESSIE

By James A. Michener

AUTHOR OF "SAYONARA"

Whenever I read that a million American tourists are travelling to this country or that, I shudder.

I see each of them galloping through markets and bazaars, buying God knows what, and shouting to each other, "Here's a lovely present for Aunt Bessie."

Then I shudder again and think of the purgatory I went through the last time I bought a present for my Aunt Bessie.

I was wandering through a bazaar in Tokyo and happened to see a dandy stone mask. For some wild reason I thought, "That would make a lovely present for Aunt Bessie." When I asked the clerk how much it was, he quoted a ridiculously low price. I said to my wife, "You couldn't get a stone mask like that in Philadelphia for three times the price."

"Who'd want to?" she asked.

"Aunt Bessie might," I replied, and bought it. I knew I was getting a bargain, for any fool could see that.

Then the trouble started, because when you've bought a stone mask you have to do something with it, and that throws you into the hands of the shippers. It would be too horrible to describe what I went through with that stone mask.

Maybe you can guess if I show you how much it cost to get the mask from the bazaar in Tokyo out to Yokohama, where it was to be picked up by the good old S. S. "Seasick," which was taking it to New York.

Packing stone mask solidly	$38.85
Custom clearance papers	2.20
Cargo handling charge	2.48
Bill of lading fee	.97
Custom inspection fee	1.85
Repacking after inspection	4.78
Storage charge	3.15
In and out of godown	2.16
Making measurements	1.00
Longshoremen for above	3.30
Truckage to wharfside	9.43
Truckage to shipside	2.55
Air mail for documents	1.18
Handlers onto ship	3.72
Fees to watchers	1.00
Ocean freight, stone mask	44.16

Before my present for Aunt Bessie ever left Japan, it had piled up additional charges of $122.78 and had begun to approach a mink stole in value. But my troubles were just beginning.

The men in New York who look after the affairs of the S. S. "Seasick" are among the smartest in the world. They can calculate to a hairsbreadth when a customer is approaching the breaking point. About ten days before their old bucket arrives from Yokohama, they send a letter like this: "Our ship, the 'Seasick,' will dock shortly with your cargo. In order to facilitate prompt forwarding of this valuable merchandise to your home in Philadelphia, it would be advisable for you to pay all handling charges in advance. These will amount to $23.19."

Observe how clever the "Seasick" men have been. If they came right out and told you, "Chump, before you get that stone mask home it's going to cost you at least $150 more," you might get sick of the whole affair and shout, "Not another nickel! I've already sunk a fortune in that white elephant. Now you can have it."

When they come up with a tantalizing figure like $23.19, you reason, "Well, I'm already in for $122.78 plus the original cost, so I might as well ride along for another $23.19."

You cough up. Then the "Seasick" men have you, because now you're on the hook for $145.97 plus the original bargain. Their next letter advises you that the "Seasick" docked on schedule, but that since you weren't there to take your valuable cargo through customs, it had to be moved into a bonded warehouse where the charges are only $4.81 a day. But the "Seasick" men will get it out of bond for you if you will authorize them to act as your agents. Fee: not more than a modest $15 to $20.

By this time you have ground your molars flat and have stopped counting. You're lucky if you can keep your head above the flood of documents which the mailman brings each day . . . each with a sizable fee required.

You've got to clear customs, pay for the warehouse, pay wharfage, pay dockage, pay demurrage, pay truckers for lugging the cargo out of the warehouse, pay porters for getting it onto the train, and pay *(Continued on page 127)*

New high-octane pink—tawny

Facing page: *Double instance of lingerie news—a nightgown and peignoir in a pink called Papaya. One of the new pastels-in-depth, its high-octane pinkness (the power behind the pink is a touch of orange) seems to whip up the skin's natural colour to new glow of its own. Gown of nylon net, opaque tricot, écru lace; the peignoir, doubled nylon net with more of the lace: both, by Van Raalte, $35. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Hudson's. Capezio slippers. The high-bowed coiffure: Frederic Jones. Van Raalte stockings—with a fresh peach complexion, at Bloomingdale's.*

HENRY CLARKE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Sylvia Berkman, a Down-Easter by predilection, admits to a particular fondness for this recent short story, "perhaps because of the setting in Maine at a little Cape Porpoise cove where I have spent several summers very happily." A New Englander by birth, she has also lived in Rome for extended periods, during the last year in a small apartment near Piazza del Popolo, an apartment which she prized for its refrigerator, its fireplace, and its view of the Pincian Hill (not necessarily in that order). In January she returned to Wellesley College where she teaches literature and writing in alternate semesters, and spends the others practising what she teaches.*

SEA—

To the child sitting on the wooden porch steps, gazing straight across the empty cove, the house had turned alien. She could feel its presence behind her, looming blank and stern, unadorned, with accusing glassy eyes. Within, utter silence hung in all the rooms: no curtain ruffled, no flower head swayed. Miss Griswold had closed all the downstairs windows, sealing in the faint pervasive clutch of illness drifting from above and stale cool summer air, to indicate solemnity and crisis to any who might pass. Even the kitchen lay muted, every chair mathematically placed, a freshly laundered dish towel folded over the rack, the blue enamel kettle silent on the range. Anyone might enter, flick a moistened finger along table edge or shelf, and find no particle of dust. Miss Griswold and Mrs. Lunt, with neighbourly brisk hands, had ordered and swept away all vestiges of daily common living shared.

Around the corner of the house Mrs. Lunt's little curly russet dog Elmo came padding, intently sniffing grass. Beaming, with a click of eager toenails, he tumbled up to give her face a slapdash kiss. She slipped her arm about his neck, stroking the gentle coat; but with a bright knowledgeable rakish look he hurried off, concentrated on some purpose of his own. Footsteps sounded in the house behind her, stopping at the screened kitchen door. She clamped her elbows close.

"Miriam," Miss Griswold said, in her high fluty metallic voice evoking school desks and chalk, "you'd best go play at Mrs. Lunt's for a while perhaps. I'd run over if I were you. We expect the ambulance any minute now."

Miriam merely laid her cheek against her hunched-up knees, looking sidewise down the hilly yard, across the loop of road, far off at the hazed blue sea line opening at the distant margin of the cove. It was early still, blinking from cloud to watery sunlight after morning rain, pine needles spraying soft, each twig and pebble clean. The tide was not yet in. Beyond the strip of rough tall grass separating inlet and road the scored flats stretched washed and grey, with a big predatory gull here and there picking and floundering. Her mind shut hard against the strange word "ambulance," which sent a wild thin quiver of fright along her limbs. This word she understood; but that other, "hemorrhage," covertly spoken, covertly overheard, which she had never come upon in any book, she would not try to understand: a word she could not visualize, foreign in every syllable, yet intuitively grasped as holding threat.

Sullenly she heard Miss Griswold's voice prod and instruct again; she could feel the circular distended eyes urgent on her back; then the firm schoolteacher tread receded, through the kitchen, into the hallway, up, up, up, without hesitation, deliberately up the flight of stairs. What was happening, inside the bedroom where her mother lay?

Miss Griswold had no right to come into their house and give commands. She was not a nurse in a white uniform, with a legal certificate. She wore dark bumpy knitted suits and always the same kind of shoes, not quite new, durable and prim. She was plain and stiff, like a ruler marked with identical inches along its length. The thought flickered and fell, with a hard burst of resentment scattering. She did not wish to know Miss Griswold in any other guise than her fixed allotted rôle at school. It was her duty to speak from texts, to confirm, correct, admonish, and reprove; to acknowledge effort and invent penalties. With a spurt of angry shame she recalled Miss Griswold as she had glimpsed her two nights before, after her mother's lamp had been darkened and the confusion had stilled: a lank figure in a billowy white garment like a long-sleeved petticoat, turbaned and grotesque, peering from the guest room with an alert inquisitive air.

"Is that you, Miriam? Where are you going? Gracious, child!—get back to bed! I'll look after your mother in case of need."

Not for the world would she have answered that she had just wanted to creep past her mother's door, to stand outside for a moment listening, knowing that she was finally quiet again, unchanged.

Later that night storm struck and broke, pounding the house in great vertical sheets. She awoke to the split blast of thunder rocking the cove, and the remembrance, or the renewal, of the smothered moans that stopped her breath. Did a light pass dimly along the hallway? Did shadows speak? In the crack and crash of riven elements, what was perishing? Stiffened, poised in all her senses yet driving back all sound, she thought she heard Miss Griswold's voice, as the natural world flowed away, flowed away, in rivulets of rainy fear.

A Short Story

by Sylvia Berkman

CHANGE

"Elmo!" Miriam called, darting suddenly from the porch. "Here, Elmo! Here, good dog!"

For a moment she stood listless at the bottom of the yard, plucking at a circlet of damp yarrow heads. She had never liked this flower much, all levelled flat and pebbly grey. Now she yanked the whole cluster free and hurled it down. It thudded at her feet, spattering lumps of caked wet dirt. With vengeful purpose she scooped it up, brushing through grass and tangled juniper to the shelving edge of cove, and flung it out; but it only hit the surface like an idle leaf, without even disturbing the busy gulls.

Far off the sea line folded into fragile blue, beyond the empty cove. She turned back towards the house, thrashing to right and left a ragged stick she had snatched up from the ground. She would sit on her own porch steps as long as she liked. Miss Griswold had no right to order her anywhere—old Saucer-eyed Ada poking and prying where no one wanted her to be, using their guest room too as though she'd been invited as a friend. It was hateful to realize that she undressed. She should keep proper and clothed, as she appeared every day, and whatever she took off or put on at night let her hide in her chamber at Mrs. Lunt's.

Cut! Thrash! Cut!

They had tried to put her there!—in Miss Griswold's own personal room, with a china hair receiver on the bureau wisped with discarded threads and a queer toothbrush in a crockery mug; and in the wardrobe all her private things! But she had resisted; nor would she explain.

"But you can't stay at home, dear," Mrs. Lunt reasoned, her big bland face hovering perplexed. "Miss Griswold's got enough on her hands as it is. You visit here with me till we can reach your pa. Miss Griswold sent off the telegram the minute she found out where."

Eventually, in a quick irritated way, Miss Griswold had proposed the parlour couch, and there she had slept, last night, the second night, barricaded from her own house by unfamiliar walls, and outside in the darkness by the bend of road beyond.

Huddled together on the porch steps again, still clutching her rough stick, she began to splinter off the broken bark. She had always liked Mrs. Lunt before, stopping in at times on her way from school to find her soft and comfortable in her pillowed chair, eating biscuits and dark honey from a comb or fresh light brown marshmallow fudge and nuts. She wore felt slippers in the house, with heels and patchy fur, juliets, and got her tea in little coloured boxes stamped with flowers. But at the breakfast table that morning she could not look, she could not watch the indolent slow figure opposite, munching, munching, swabbing a crust of bread, a dab of currant jelly on her chin and egg stain flecking her lip. The vague eyes sought her own kindly; the placid voice droned.

"You'll be glad to see your father again I shouldn't wonder, that is, if he comes. But then, you were such a little mite when he left; no doubt you don't remember him at all." She leaned forward mildly, so that her big spattered bosom overswept her plate. "It was curious the way he went, Nebraska too of all outlandish places, not even wanting a divorce." She seemed to expect an answer, with no question put. "Though I understand more often than not he does send money through the mail." Again she let silence flow in, sympathetic, indefinite. "Well, you favour your mother in more ways than one, as I've always said—helpful and good, nobody better, but keeps to herself. She never has been one to talk. Not but what I haven't always taken her part, in any argument."

Twist, twist, her hands went at the bark, while the splintered fragments ripped and fell. Suddenly she thrust the stick aside. Palms outspread, she bore down on the step until the raw bite of the wood scraped along her flesh. This was known and true, even the pain.

She understood what no one else could understand. They wanted no one to take their part. Mrs. Lunt was wicked, she was wicked, to push into the hidden corners of their life: and Miss Griswold had been wicked. searching through boxes and drawers, peering at letters and bills, tracking down her father's address, which Miriam could have told her in a minute if she hadn't asked for it like a requirement at school.

It was not curious the way he went. She understood. Her mother had explained. He had gone where he had thought he could earn more money for all of *(Continued on page 128)*



The secret word is

P.O.M.

Paris Original Models

ready now in

Vogue Printed Patterns



The clothes on these four pages were photographed in Paris, where they were born. Each is a Paris couturier's design, each came from the midseasons collections, and any or all of them could be yours. The connecting link is Vogue Patterns, which puts on paper the designers' own patterns for these clothes. Though chosen for their looks, these P.O.M.'s are easier to make now that all Vogue Patterns are printed and the step-by-step makings have been clarified to un-intimidate even a timid sewing-hand. All were photographed in Montmartre at the Moulin Rouge, now revamped for the second time since its heyday—the day of Jane Avril and Nini Pattes en l'Air. The doors on these first pages are part of a reproduction of an early Métro station, now standing inside the Moulin Rouge. *Left:* From Dessès—a narrow, un-insistently fitted dress shown in this collection in watermelon wool—so delicious we can hardly think of it any other way. (But it *would* be compelling in a positive shade of linen, for summer.) A fold is buttoned down to give a casually wrapped look. At back, the neckline squares off again, but lower. Vogue Pattern 1405. *Right:* Paris shape of suit—its top layer not a jacket but a knee-length barrel coat with soft, roll-away collar. Here, it turns its back to show a yoke that curves over the shoulders, and an inverted pleat that's largely responsible for the smart barrel shape. Components included—patterns for a narrow skirt, V-necked blouse. By Nina Ricci. Vogue Pattern 1402. *Back views, sizes, yardages—all on page 134.*

DESSÈS:
VOGUE PATTERN 1405

NINA RICCI:
VOGUE PATTERN 1402

In line with

PARIS:

More Vogue Printed Patterns

GRÈS

VOGUE PATTERN 1403



Left: Paris point of view—this late-day dress with a rush of fichu that tips the shoulders, crushes at a high waist, and flares like a swallowtail over a very narrow skirt. This, by Griffe, designed originally in navy-blue crêpe; a re-issue of it might be black chiffon. Vogue Pattern 1403.
Right: Designed by Grès, originally in taupe silk jersey, this derivative of the chemise. The back hangs straight, the front is shaped by a little narrow sash that appears through slits. Vogue Pattern 1404.
In the background: walls of the Moulin Rouge, papered with Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs, some of them originals.
Back views, sizes, yardages, on page 134.

GRÈS
VOGUE PATTERN 1404

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

Resorts in three countries

Haiti. On a tangled hillside overlooking Port-au-Prince, the Grand Hotel Oloffson has the allure of a Steinberg fantasy palace, all white mahogany, and was, in fact, built as a palace for Haiti's President Sam, in 1885. Since 1954, the hotel has been guided by a former Vogue photographer, Roger Coster, who calls his guests *bébés*, and names his suites for his celebrated *bébés*. There is a Charles Addams room, in a remote wing; and another suite, screened and air-conditioned, has a pink marble shower, purple bedroom curtains, and a blue sea view from a lacy verandah; the novelist, James Jones, who was married at the Oloffson, has a cottage named for him. Rooms, both titled and untitled, cost about $15 a day a person, with meals, and offer more *calme et volupté* than *luxe*. (A clap of the hands will bring a dark, smiling servant with a breakfast tray, but clothes pressing may take a day's time.) Guests dine on a wide green and white verandah, to records ranging from "Mon Légionnaire," sung by Edith Piaf, to a Mozart concerto. Tucked to one side of the jungly, poinsettia-starred garden, is a small aquamarine-coloured swimming pool, around which one may have morning coffee.

On the walls of the tall, cool public rooms hang paintings by such Haitian artists as Byron, St. Brice, and Dufaut, all of whose works may be bought at Le Centre d'Art, in town. Every Monday night, the Oloffson has a show of RaRa drummers banging insanely, while a thin, oiled dancer, dark as teakwood, thrashes through a voodoo ritual dance with twirling flaming torches. Later, guests may dance the *meringue* in the ferny patio, or drink *rhum et soda* in the shining mahogany bar, polished with fresh coconut. There is a bubbly informality about the place, sparked by the dark-eyed charm of Coster and his pretty Haitian wife, who both know about the amusing things to do and see in Haiti. As Port-au-Prince is a free port, shopping is attractive, and the Haitian clothes, straw shoes and bags, beads, mahogany pieces, and paintings are charming.

Pan American World Airways flies to Haiti from New York, with a short stop at Ciudad Trujillo, for $244.50 round trip. Delta Airlines flies from Chicago to Port-au-Prince, with connections in New Orleans, for $287.40 round trip. From Miami one may fly to Haiti by KLM Royal Dutch Airlines for $135 round trip.

Italy. Sorrento, besides providing the refrain of a song known to almost everyone, has been celebrated in verse by poets as diverse as Byron, Milton, and Goethe. High on a cliff above the bay of Naples, Sorrento is reached by the same boat that serves Capri, and is a pivotal point from which to reach Amalfi, Pompeii, Ravello, Mt. Vesuvius, and the ruins of the templed city of Paestum. Travellers from Imperial Rome once rubbernecked at Augustus' villa near Sorrento, and at the baths dedicated to the goddess Diana. Now travellers may stay in the house once lived in by the sixteenth-century poet, Tasso. Now it belongs to the Imperial Hotel Tramontano. (About $7 a day a person, without meals.)

Belgium. Many people going to the Brussels World's Fair this summer will want to stay in range of, but quietly apart from, the city. Miles of resorts line the wide North Sea beaches, among them Knokke, Le Zoute, and Albert-Plage, which are next to each other. These pretty towns have a curiously Mediterranean look with their red-roofed white villas, and flowered promenades, and offer all the amenities of resort life: tennis, golf, riding on the sand dunes, gambling, movies, cafés, and, of course, sailing, water-skiing, and swimming. Among the hotels in Le Zoute, there is the Memlinc Palace, which costs for two about $22 a day, with meals. In Albert-Plage, at La Réserve, one of Belgium's smartest hotels, movie stars and the beau monde boat on the Lac de la Victoire, back of the hotel. Reservations must be booked ahead (tomorrow is not too soon), and the rates for two, without meals, are around $15 a day.

The drawing room at Easton: → flower colours, wide-open spacing

Photographed opposite, an interior aspect of one of the most extraordinary houses in America: Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez' small, jewel-perfect Easton—and a glimpse of what makes it so extraordinary. Colour, partly, mostly flower colours, with an undercurrent of the cooling yellowy green the French call *tilleul*. At the windows hang curtains of heavy yellow silk; a Chinese bowl on the table in the foreground holds an armload of yellow zinnias. Backing up the colour are the magnificent proportions of the room itself (the ceiling is sixteen feet high) and a collection of French and Italian furniture dispersed into small, manageable groups. Grouped here: a Louis XV canapé and chairs, covered respectively in brocade, moiré silk, blue-and-yellow needle point. The *trumeau* is Italian; the chandelier, French; rugs, Aubusson—framed by a floor of polished, dark *parquet de Versailles*. Pictures, like the furniture, are by eighteenth-century masters: Canaletto, Lallemand, Lancret.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



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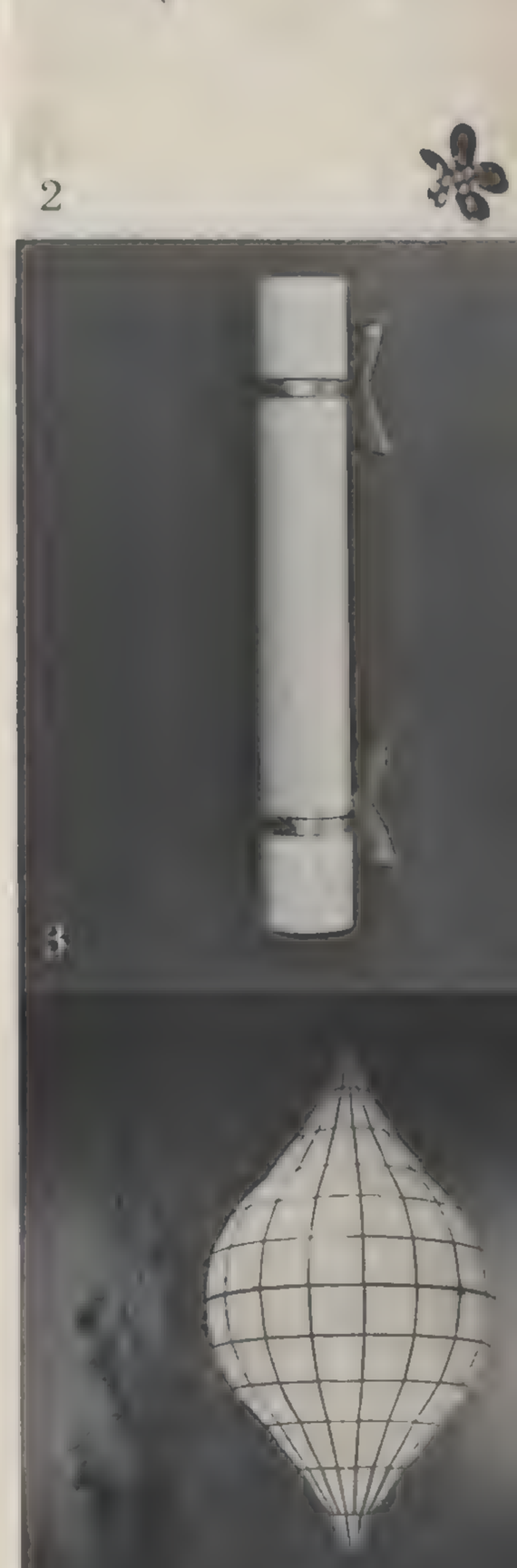
INTERNATIONAL GOOD LOOKS FOR THE HOUSE—

Found in American shops

Travel being so broadening,
a good many American households should be bursting
at the joists this year. Even a quick look
at what is generically known as the home furnishings field
indicates that designers, manufacturers, and importers
are going further and further afield
in the search for fresh and interesting ideas.
In the random round-up beginning here ("random" in the sense
that we just picked what we liked best),
no less than eleven foreign countries, plus our own
and the Philippines, are represented.
Those objects, too, with a strictly made-in-the-U.S.A. tag
are more and more showing the influence
not only of our own American past, but also of the native design
found in other countries. A carpet manufacturer,
for instance, reflects the current interest in Moroccan rug design
by incorporating some of it into his own factory-made product
(see Firth Carpets' "Granada" and "Mediterranean,"
on page 119). Another designer, captivated by the flower-and-leaf
motif found in many French and English needle-point rugs
of the seventeenth century, adapts it in modern versions.
Sometimes the influence is intangible indeed—but no less firmly
there: look what happened to the Matisse cutouts
in the curtain fabric photographed at right.
In other cases, the foreign contribution consists
of native materials not found elsewhere: an ivory-and-brass
door pull from India, a lantern made almost entirely
of translucent shell from the Pacific; a Grecian goat's-hair rug.
Sometimes it's a skill that's hard to duplicate:
the delicately-carved teakwood lattices photographed on
the following page (India again) or the panel of
coloured Venetian glass on the page after that. *(Continued on next page)*







1. From America, a chair that's a free-standing sculpture (or vice versa). Designed by George Nelson, it's made of lightweight laminated birch and mahogany. About $100. At Herman Miller.*
2. From France, the innocent flower cutouts of Henri Matisse—originals for the cutout pattern on a new Dacron-and-rayon fabric (named Feutron #63) by the American Felt Company. $10.50 a yard at Arundell Clarke.*
3. From India, an ivory-and-brass door pull that's five inches long. About $15. Luten-Clarey-Stern.*
4. From the Philippines, a lantern of paper-thin shell; $94 (without wiring) at Luten-Clarey-Stern.*

*THROUGH DECORATORS ONLY

GRIGSBY

INTERNATIONAL GOOD LOOKS

continued

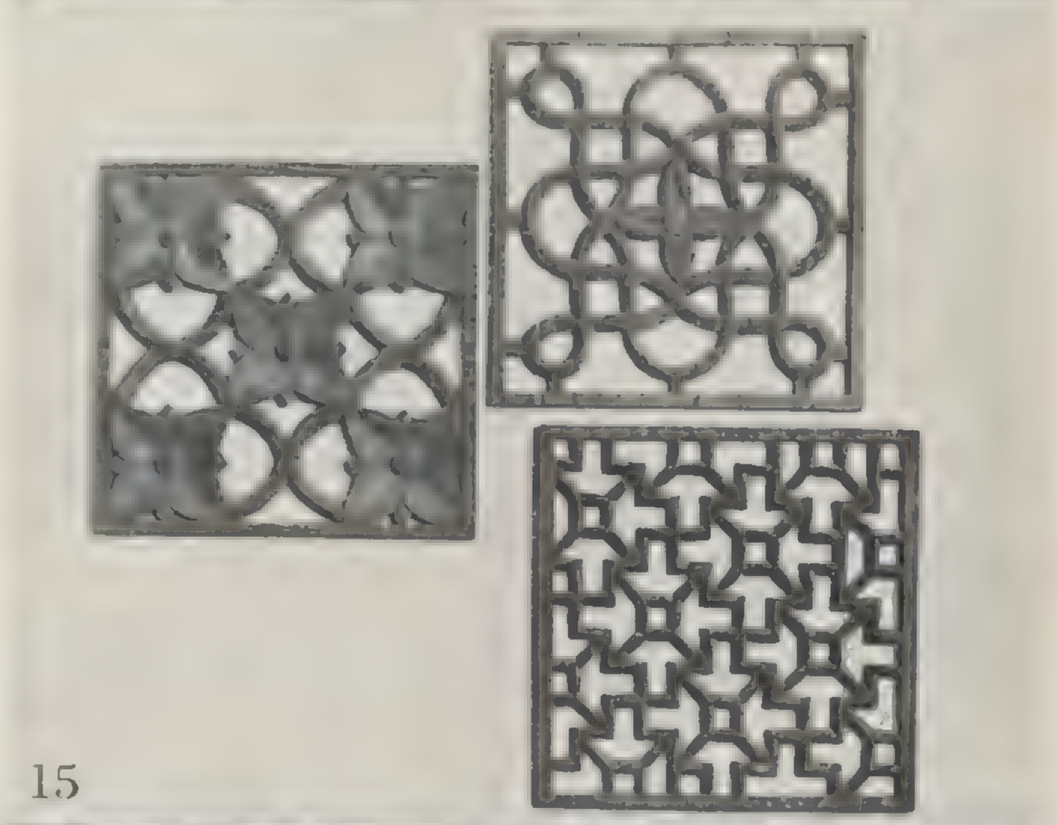
Almost every country has made a name for itself in at least one specific category: the Danes, for instance, who have originated a whole new school of design known, simply, as "Danish modern." There's Swedish crystal. And German cutlery. And so on down the list—all subject to change, with improvement, without notice. One of the best-known successes of recent years, the Italian Chiavari chair (first reported, by the way, in these pages) turns up this year in two new versions, both of them on view at right. Build a better mousetrap nowadays, and it's on its way around the world in a matter of days. The Italians, for example, have also come up with a new way of reproducing oil paintings directly on canvas; orders are already coming in from New York and points west. In America: new materials—and new ways of using them—a fibre glass that takes a deep, brilliant dye and has the bulky look of linen, or a new foam-like plastic that turns out to have both insulating and sound-control properties. Almost anything, too, can be transplanted in this international age. Our own favourite instance: the old-fashioned gas lamps, removed from the streets of Copenhagen with the advent of electricity, and now available for the lighting of front porches and backyard patios all across America.

5. White iron: a three-dimensional version of a Morandi painting. About $200; Interiors Imports. Helen Cole flowers. **6.** Matched Acrilan carpetings one textured, one plain (for use in adjoining rooms?). By Firth Carpets, about $14 a yard.* **7.** Danish chair designed by Poul Kjaerholm, of cane and chrome. $150 at Georg Jensen. English croquet mallet and ball from Abercrombie & Fitch. **8.** Swedish wool-and-linen tapestry designed by Bittan Valberg. $560 at Georg Jensen. **9.** Copenhagen street lamp: $270 at Luten-Clarey-Stern.* **10.** Storage hutch, cane and walnut: John Widdicomb (*objets d'art*, Bonniers). About $420.* **11.** Elongated ladder-back "Piranesi" chairs made of birch and cane. $100 each at Laverne. **12.** Curtain fabric, a new Fiberglas yarn by Knoll Fabrics, Inc. About $7 a yard. From the Fiberglas Fabric Shop. **13.** Fishy door pulls from India: brass, 13 inches long, $40 a pair at Luten-Clarey-Stern.* **14.** Reproduction on canvas of a Modigliani painting. About $59, framed. Artistic Imports.* **15.** Teak panels, a foot square, and hand-carved in India. $20 each at Luten-Clarey-Stern.* **16.** Edward Fields' rug, needlepoint design by Marion Dorn; to order from Lord & Taylor. **17.** Walnut folding table, by Drexel. $35. W & J Sloane. **18.** Cherry dining table: a squared circle, three leaves, $564 at Jens Risom Design.* Swedish linen place mats, $2.50 each; German stainless steel flatware, $8.75 per 6-piece setting; serving fork and spoon, $7; Swedish crystal goblets, $3.25 each; coupe-shaped bowl, $1.25; Italian black-glazed porcelain underplate, $1.25; white pottery fish platter with rack, $20; Swiss crystal taper sticks, $3.25 each; breadbasket, $2.50. All: Bonniers. **19.** New use for leather devised by Win Anderson: as wall-covering. Cowhide scraps, from the Upholstery Leather Group.* **20.** In fumed oak: Borge Mogensen's modern Morris chair. About $175. Greek astrakhan rug, 4' x 6', about $90. Japanese bronze geese, $145 a pair. All from Luten-Clarey-Stern.* **21.** Venini glass panel, $30 a sq. ft.; to order, Altamira.* **22.** Wrought-iron and cast aluminum chair, periwinkle blue, by Woodard. $64 at Altman's. **23.** Two samples, one plain, one ridged, of the new Curon Wall Covering (31c a 10" square*), and one of Curon Carpet Cushion ($2.49 a square yard*). **24.** Catkin-back walnut chair by Drexel. $49. W & J Sloane.

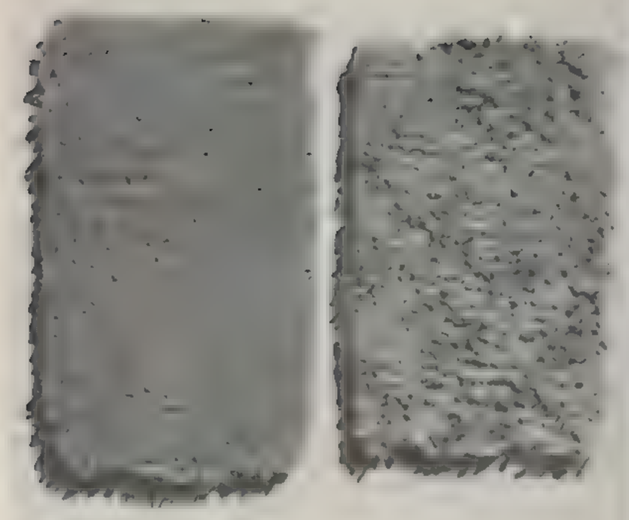
*THROUGH DECORATORS ONLY







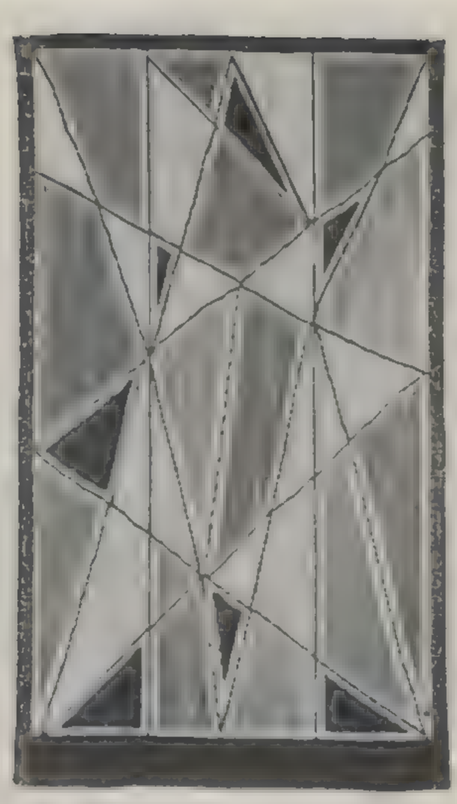




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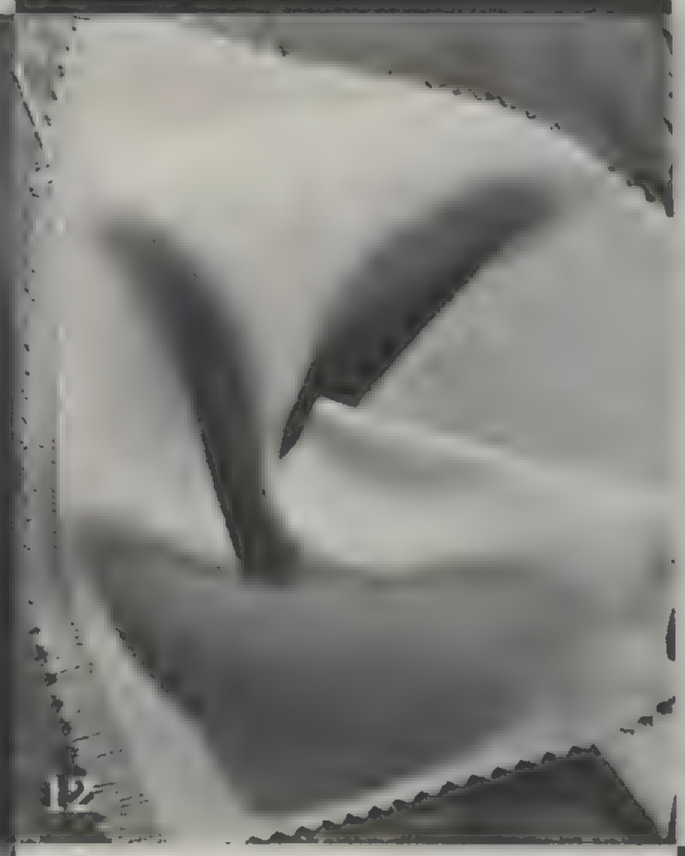
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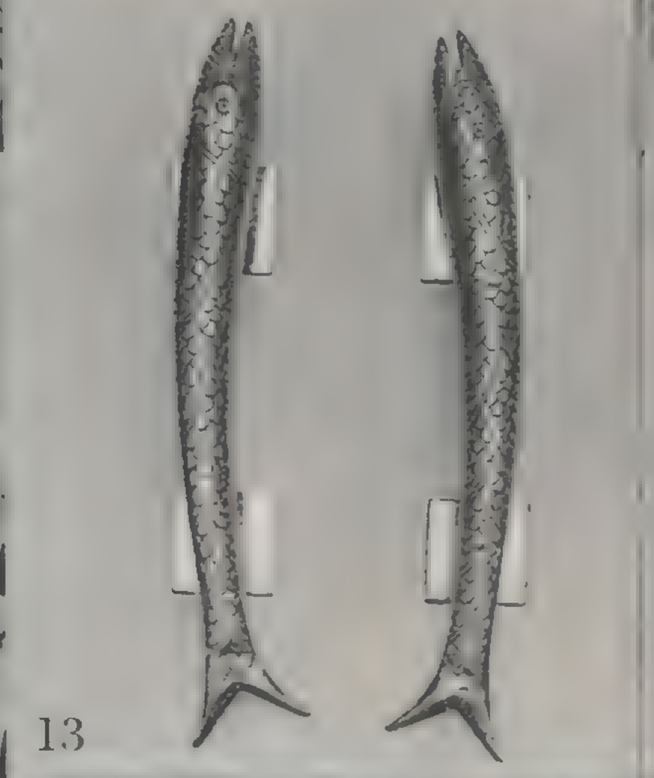
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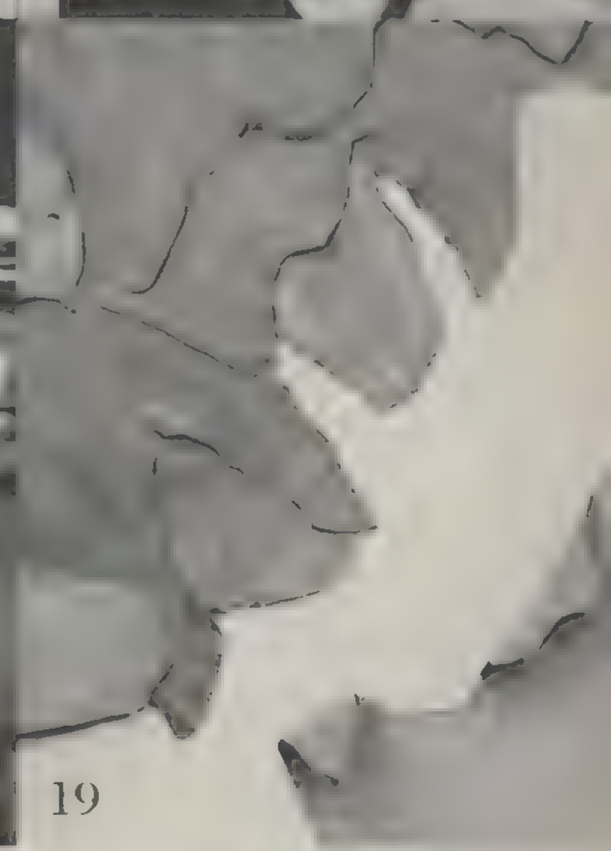
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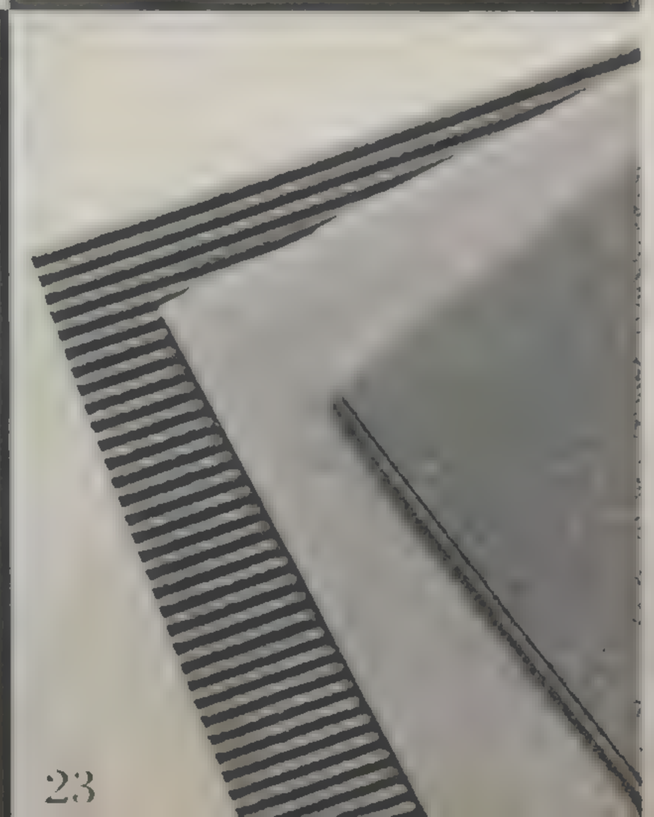
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LONG ISLAND HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Diego Suarez' "Easton"

THE ENTRANCE, SURMOUNTED BY URNS, AN OBELISK.

Like most people with a new house in the planning stage, Mr. and Mrs. Suarez wanted theirs to be merely perfect. What was unusual was the degree and kind of perfection they had in mind—and the fact that they got it. Long-time collectors of 18th-centuriana, the Suarez' knew precisely what they wanted: a small French country house with grounds to match. And they wanted it in Brookville, Long Island. For the house itself, they consulted their friend, architect Frederick King; the landscaping was the jealously guarded purlieu of Mr. Suarez, solo. From this meeting of the minds, house and garden evolved according to a single united plan. The shallow fountain pool above, for instance, accurately reflects the perfect symmetry of the façade, while long, linden-shaded allées fan out from the wings. The statuary, too, both in the gardens and on the house, is in near-mathematical relation to the central axis. The new bath house, right, follows suit—an authentic small French *folie*, it is as joyful in its setting of giant trees and tapis vert as any miniature pleasure dome.



THE SOUTH FAÇADE OF EASTON



THE ENTRANCE HALL: ONE PERFECT CIRCLE. MARBLE-FLOORED



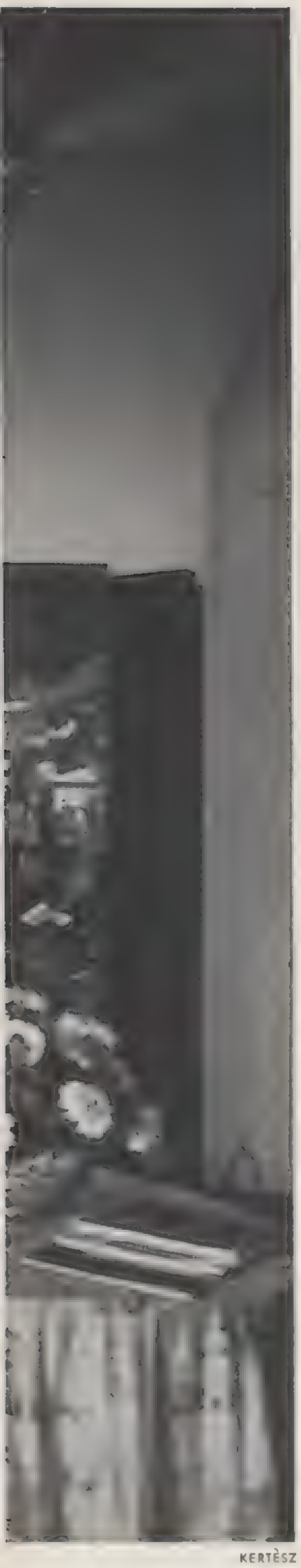
A SWIMMING POOL, BATHING PAVILION, ARE NEWEST ADDITIONS

LONG ISLAND HOUSE *continued*

Mr. and Mrs. Suarez think of their house as a sort of museum in miniature, and so it is—but a museum with the advantage of being lived in, all around the clock, by the very people who chose and arranged its treasures. During the two years Easton was under construction, the Suarez' poked through Europe, measurements in hand, in search of furniture, statuary, *objets d'art.* Among their finds: one dining room entire, from rock crystal chandelier to Aubusson rug, pale-grey *boiserie* walls (these last entailing some slight adjustment of the original blueprints). In the view of the drawing room below (another, in colour, appears on our Fashions-in-Living cover), a second conversational grouping centres around the rose-marble fireplace. The bust, of the period, is reflected in a mirrored *trumeau* from France—point of origin also of the high bookcases and their contents. (The blue glass globe is one of a pair designed by Mr. Suarez, made in Paris.) Faithful, too, to the Suarez predilection for the eighteenth century: a Coromandel screen, two small black-lacquered *chinoiseries*—one a commode, the other a desk; any or all three might have found an earlier place in the *salon* of Madame du Deffand.



THE DRAWING ROOM, ARCHITECTURAL CENTRE OF THE HOUSE, HAS A SIXTEEN-FOOT CEILING.



KERTÈSZ



IN THE DINING ROOM, EVEN THE WALLS ARE FRENCH—LOUIS XV BOISERIE.



AN ENCLOSED PATIO SERVES AS A SECOND DINING ROOM FOR INFORMAL MEALS.

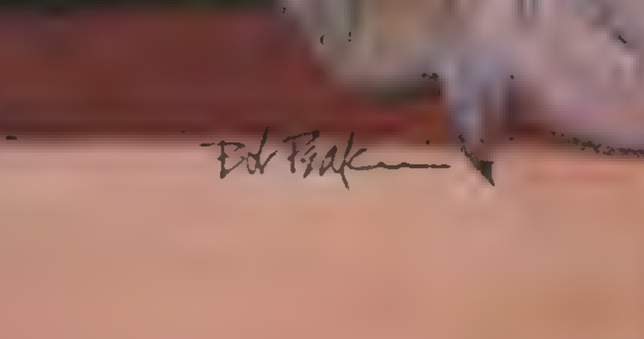


GUY BOURDIN

Little-girl look— for little girls

The three little girls above would probably be astonished to learn that the trapeze-line is the newest Paris rage: it's been *their* most becoming line for years and years. High-yoked, pleated or smocked, and no belt—the basic formula hasn't varied, although we do rather like the idea of a touch-longer hemline with straight dresses—top-of-the-kneecap, in fact. The little girl typing reams, far left (not easy, either, with gloves on), wears red dotted Swiss; the yoke, banded with white piqué. Centre, white piqué pleats, back and front; navy-blue tabs above them. Right, this spring's sailor-dress (manageable by child—it buttons straight down), in bright dark blue cotton broadcloth, pleated all around. Dresses, by Celeste, in sizes 2 to 6X. Each, about $9. Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Gloves by Hansen. Capezio shoes and zebra-woven straw rug: Lord & Taylor. Table: Georg Jensen. Underwood typewriter.

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A PRESENT FOR AUNT BESSIE

(Continued from page 107)

trainmen for getting it to Philadelphia. Then you start all over again in the City of Brotherly Love.

By this time the cheap stone mask is way out of the class of mink stoles and is approaching the value of a Cadillac convertible. The thought had never occurred to you to give Aunt Bessie a Cadillac.

Then, when you finally hand her the present, you find (1) that she hasn't a clue as to what it is; (2) she doesn't want it; (3) and if she did happen to want it, she could have bought it much cheaper in downtown Philadelphia.

After eight or ten such fiascoes (I'm a sucker when anyone in Rome or Bombay offers me a bargain), I have reached this conclusion. It is almost always possible to buy something you have seen abroad much cheaper in America. By this I don't mean that you can buy an American substitute. I mean you can buy an original Bombay gold-filigreed handbag, or a Florentine leather case, or Venetian glassware in this country. Chances are, they will be both better in quality and less expensive in price. The reason is that most fine American stores comb Europe and Asia constantly for things their customers might like.

I learned this recently when I picked up some lovely namda rugs in Bombay and shipped them home at ridiculous expense of energy and time. When I got home I found that I could have got them cheaper at Macy's, because their buyer had already guessed that Americans would like namda rugs. He had bought much better rugs than the ones I had found; then, because he was an expert shipper, had kept his transportation and customs charges to a fraction of mine. Even when Macy's profit was added, their rugs were forty per cent cheaper and forty per cent better than mine.

I could list dozens of similar experiences. The most harrowing involved four Persian rugs I bought in northern Afghanistan some years ago. A persistent dealer made me buy his lovely rugs even though I had no cash, accepting as payment an impromptu check I wrote in longhand for him.

That was two years ago. Congratulating myself on having picked up a rare bargain—which I had—I then proceeded to ship them home. The rugs were lost in a camel caravan; were involved in a jeep accident and nearly floated down an Afghan river; found their way onto the wrong ship; wound up in Istanbul; were sent to Manila where they were lost for nearly a year. When they got to San Francisco there was a dock strike, so they were sent to Honolulu, then were shipped to New York, where most of the longshoremen of the east coast got into the act, judging from the bills they submitted.

By this time the rugs and I were worn to a frazzle. I lost count of the documents I had to sign. Some were in Spanish, some in Japanese, some in Turkish, but they all had one line you could read very clearly: "$29.87 extra charges." It got so that I went into psychic shock every time I saw a brown manila envelope.

Two years after I bought these rugs they stumbled home, bargains no more. For each dollar I had paid in Afghanistan, I had paid two to bring the rugs home. On the day I got them, Gimbels ran an advertisement offering exactly the same kind of rugs for half what mine had cost.

But I wouldn't want anyone to think that such an experience had cured me. Because the other part of this Afghan experience explains why so many Americans—including me—love to buy things abroad.

During the last two years, several travellers have written to me describing their strange encounters with the old Afghan rug dealer and my now-stained check. From Europe I recently received my latest report, when a stranger wrote to me, "This sweet old man bustled up and waved a piece of paper in my face. 'Is this any good, do you think?' he asked.

"When I recognized your name I assured him, 'If he gave you this, he'll stand behind it.' As the old man grinned with deep pleasure, I asked, 'But why don't you cash it? It's worth a lot of money.'

"A beatific smile passed over the dealer's face and he said, 'I like to keep this paper as a memento of an honest man.'"

See what I mean? It's fun to do business with a man who won't cash your checks. You don't catch Macy's or Gimbels acting that way.





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SEA-CHANGE

(Continued from page 109)

them; then he had kept on wandering, just as once he had wandered here and found this house, where her mother wished to stay because she loved the cove. Still—it worried her that she might have to live with him, if he should come. He was just a name on an envelope; he did not belong. Sometimes, through a lighted window in early winter dusk she had stopped to look at other families grouped around a table or separately engaged, and had felt a little ache, to be like everyone, to have their own circle balanced and complete. But to get up mornings and have him always there!—using their dishes, washing in their bowl, clattering through the rooms, as she knew other fathers did! She would not know how to act or what to say to him, especially if her mother should be gone.

How they shrilled! She hated that noisy clamour of the gulls flocking and pouncing in the cove. She would stone them if she could. Waiting, aimless, she felt the gabble cut into her brain. Now one rose and lifted off, winging a rapid arc, pallid against the faint grey sky. How many hours had passed since these birds had come? But *no no no no no!*—she would not enter the house, to learn the time, or hear a sound, or witness anything.

It had not happened; it was not true; she had not seen what she had seen. She shoved her hands against her eyes. It was true; it had happened; and she had seen.

She had stopped at her mother's threshold, leaving her own room, only yesterday morning, another world ago. Miss Griswold had leaped forward with a cry. The door slammed in her face. Horrified, she stared at the wooden panels veined with spidery cracks and the smooth brown porcelain knob dotted with hard speckles of old paint. Just on the other side, bundled on the floor, stood the pile of blood-stained linen she had glimpsed, and on the bed her mother lay, just a flattened shape, a tumble of wild hair, breathing with a slow hideous moaning gasp. She choked; then she turned and ran—out of the house, out of the yard, down the rough dirt road, sending twigs and pebbles skittering, to the huge flat granite ledge rearing off the farthest promontory of the cove. She had wanted to dive off, to leap and plunge, to cleanse that splash of crimson from her heart, to sink and burrow, deep deep under, into quiet hidden briny levels afloat with innocent pale moss and delicate bleached shells.

That figure on the bed she disclaimed: she would not touch its hand or look upon its lowered lids. This was not her mother—this was a stranger falsely housed. Drive her back! Wall her in!

"Well, that's where you are!" Mrs. Lunt called cheerily from the kitchen door. "I wondered where you'd disappeared." Rolling over the porch boards, she settled in the wicker chair with a massive creak. "Well, Mirrie, we just heard from your pa. I brought Miss Griswold the telegram soon's it came. Due Wednesday on the 4:43. So we're sure of that at least."

Reaching for her stick, Miriam began to pluck at the torn bark again. "Elmo was here," she said. "A little while ago. Then he went somewhere."

"That tyke!" Mrs. Lunt answered, fondly gratified. "Always ranging and rampaging. No worries for him." Suddenly thoughtful, she craned sideways, wicker complaining, to search the road. "Though what's holding up the ambulance I wish I knew. Even Miss Griswold's getting fidgety."

In a sharp billowing gust a quick wind caught the pines, turning the flexible straight needles back. Miriam watched it ripple and race. Beyond the yard the pooled flats glimmered dull under a gathering grey sweep of cloud. Now the world was all one tone and all one hue: the pale, suspended colour of expectancy.

"Well," Mrs. Lunt continued, in a queer careful voice, almost as though she were afraid, "now why don't you come along home with me? We'll have a cup of cocoa together. That breakfast you fiddled at wouldn't keep a mouse."

Miriam jerked a little farther away, flashing a stony look of dissent.

"Dear knows what Ada Griswold's doing!" Mrs. Lunt exclaimed to herself. She rummaged in her cotton purse, took out a yellow telegram, stared at it indifferently, and put it back. "It's the way it is, Mirrie. It's just the way it is. Sometimes your trouble

comes early and sometimes it comes late. All you can count on, is it comes. I had my share, long before you were thought of, that time I lost Mr. Lunt. Ada Griswold too. I used to know her years ago in Brunswick as a girl. She was pretty and real hopeful then."

"Listen!" Miriam cried.

The strong deep throb hummed beyond the loop of road; closer, closer the swift advancing engine pressed. Sudden black glittered through the leaves.

Mrs. Lunt started up heavily. "Well, thank fortune for that anyway!" she said. "They're here."

Left alone with her shredded bits of bark, Miriam stubbornly faced the cove, as though by fixing her gaze hard on the vanishing faint blue sea line she could obliterate all sound. Men's voices echoed, uttering brusque commands; then the two halves of the front door wrenched open, bumping against the outer frame. Double footsteps then, thumping up the stairs, then a long blurred interval, then the footsteps, loud and measured, in ominous drumbeat down.

Every separate drop of blood in her body yearned the same way; every harkening fibre strained. "Easy now!" "Steady!" the brusque voices came, and a high indistinguishable babble from Mrs. Lunt, sharp with a nervous break. She had only to jump up, cross the edge of yard, hurry round the corner of the house, and she would stand among them, and would see.

"Oh, Elmo!" she said, as the soft bright curly little figure came scampering obliquely from the cove.

He stopped short at the bottom step, sensitive fine ears alert, looking up with big beseeching luminous eyes.

Back she looked, straight into the heart of love. Suddenly she wanted Elmo close, to grasp and hold and touch. She slipped quickly down the steps; but he knew where he must go, he scuttled off, darting round the house towards the disturbance in front.

For a moment she stood in doubt. The pine needles dipped and drifted; the tall branches swayed; a flicker here was a leaf; a flicker there was a bird. The footsteps no longer called her, muffled now in grass; but in a great concentrated surging wave a stronger summons broke. Reluctantly, as though yielding, she went.

They had paused halfway down the hilly slant of yard, between the house and the long black ambulance glittering in the drive, two strangers bearing between them an open carrier like a shallow box. Just behind walked Miss Griswold, resolute and stiff, and behind her Mrs. Lunt twisting and crumpling her cotton purse. They were sober anonymous men, halted in the path beside the fringy cedar tree, shifting their hands to a tighter grip. "Easy now," the first one said as they took up their journey again.

Miriam drew abreast. Silently, all silently, they approached the van. The thin white coverlet was scarcely lifted, her mother lay so still; only the pale outline of her face appeared, with waxen eyelids closed, the long fine eyebrows very dark above. Now Miriam could meet that face, distinct in quietude, though calm removal set its seal on every bone. But as she watched the eyelids seemed to quiver, the breath pushed hard, a tremor crossed the lips. Perceptibly, the whole body strove. At first only the movement of articulation came; at last, with utmost effort, the soundless words were filled.

"Take care . . . of my little girl," her mother said.

Then struggle lapsed, her face returned to ivory, she sank flat on the carrier again.

From deepest infinite reaches the tears gushed up, scalding Miriam's throat. In her chest a cradle of strange dissolving sorrow rocked, compounded of loss and pain, and a new unbearable transfixing shaft of pity for the helpless one she could not help. "Come back! Come back!" her heart pounded. "I'll do anything!"

The two men slid the carried within the van. The black doors closed. Against her legs poor Elmo crowded, atremble with anxious fear, and she bent to touch his head. No one spoke. She could feel Miss Griswold's rigid clasp upon her shoulder, and Mrs. Lunt's encircling big arm soft about her waist. She longed to break away, to run and run forever, to her own solitary granite ledge where she could cry and beat and scream. But she remained motionless among the others, facing the waters of the cove, where through tears she saw that the tide had turned and was rounding, silently, steadily, dove grey with an underglint of green, sea-lifted and windy-waved.





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Lingerie—a new diet of colour, lace, slenderness



HENRY CLARKE

Above, a slip in a pleasant shade of beige,
with the long-limbed, stay-put fit of a stocking.
The new colours in lingerie, this creamy-beige among them,
might have been mixed by make-up experts—their freshness
brings up the skin's colour like a touch of
the right face powder. This, of opaque nylon tricot,
nylon lace, prism pleating. About $25. The slip,
by Van Raalte, at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; I. Magnin.



Above, nightdress with a pearly pink cast of colour,
a length that falls gracefully just below the knee.
The detail here: net and rose-point lace,
carefully lined, as opaque as the nylon tricot.
About $11, by Van Raalte. At Altman's; I. Magnin.
Below, slim, suit-minded, silhouette-proof petticoat—
nylon tricot, lace, papaya colouring. About $13.
By Van Raalte. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Slippers by Capezio.



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BRAZIL

(Continued from page 93)

is allergic to paint, he wears bright-yellow rubber gloves, their holes crossed with a multitude of white adhesive patches. With the exception of the easel, the jars of paint brushes, and, on the mantel, the articulated figures that sculptors use, there are no signs of Portinari, no paintings, no sketches. When he is ready to begin, he brings out of a closet the white-framed canvas on which he has been working, then puts out a sheet of pale-blue linoleum for his tubes of colour; takes out of another closet, which looks like an upright tool chest, the surgeon's knife he uses to scratch paint; out of a drawer come his clean palette and the small silver cup he uses for turpentine.

In that organized laboratory, he frequently works until one in the morning. Work is his pleasure. For relaxation, he sketches memories of the small village in the state of São Paulo where he was born—the children's games, the funerals, the coffee workers. To his austere mind, the word Bohemian applied to artists is extremely irritating. Although in our conversation the word had not been mentioned, he suddenly said, "Anyone can be a Bohemian, but only a few can be artists."

Just as Portinari is intensely Brazilian, so is Heitor Villa-Lobos. I visited him at his office in an enormous pink, rather Greek building, Institute Benjamin Constant, which holds within it the music school of which Villa-Lobos is the star. At seventy, this short wide genius, with his balding head and his receding halo of hair, looks as though he had fallen in on himself and then someone had scattered cigar ashes into the draperies of his loose coat. Big-shouldered, with big brown eyes heavy-lidded, he sat at his desk while we talked, fingering his scores and smoking a long cigar. He paid no attention to the loud, incessant racket of five women in the next room.

Through their chatter, I heard him say that he wanted me to know that those critics who have said that he was influenced by Prokofiev were wrong. He was doing what he does before he ever heard of Prokofiev. He added that he is trying to convey directly the atmosphere of his country, especially in his *Bachianas Brasileiras*, his *Chôros*, and, now, his new *Sinfonia*.

His magnificent scores, acclaimed everywhere, are not folk music, but they contain his feelings about the natural beauties of Brazil, about its people, its history, its legends, its birds, its rivers. "I always travel with a map of Brazil," he said. "I look at it and something clicks in my mind and I compose." At that moment, a student walked in to ask a question. Villa-Lobos, who had been talking to me in a combination of English and French, answered the boy in Portuguese. (Villa-Lobos, who wears the decoration of a Commander of the Legion of Honour, likes to speak French, but finds English a nuisance.)

To those who want advice on listening or composing music, he has one sharp piece of advice: listen to records and develop your ear. "If you have music in your soul, you can write it as you would a letter or a poem. Composers who use the piano to compose ought to split their royalties with it."

To Brazilians everything is possible. They come early for appointments or late by two hours. If someone asks how far it is from here, the answer will probably be, go down the street *toda a vida*, which means for the rest of your life. They laugh when they tell you that it is against the law to bring in foreign motorcars, and they laugh harder if they say it on the street. For the street will undoubtedly be clogged with cars, none made in Brazil. "It's a mirage," they add. They point to a ravishing view where there will either be a slum or an enormous sign, "Pneus-Firestone."

They like to talk of the new importance of Brazil in the world of art exhibitions, of the importance of São Paulo's Bienal, held in a special grey and white building, superbly proportioned, with vast ramps and an interior like a magnificent abstraction. (President of the Bienal is Francisco Matarazzo.) They like to talk of the eleven-year-old Museum of Art in São Paulo. It is sometimes called just Chateaubriand's Museum, and sometimes just Chateau's.

A small, overwhelming man with a large face, small hands and feet, a quick-moving man of charm who smiles and laughs a great

(*Continued on page 134*)



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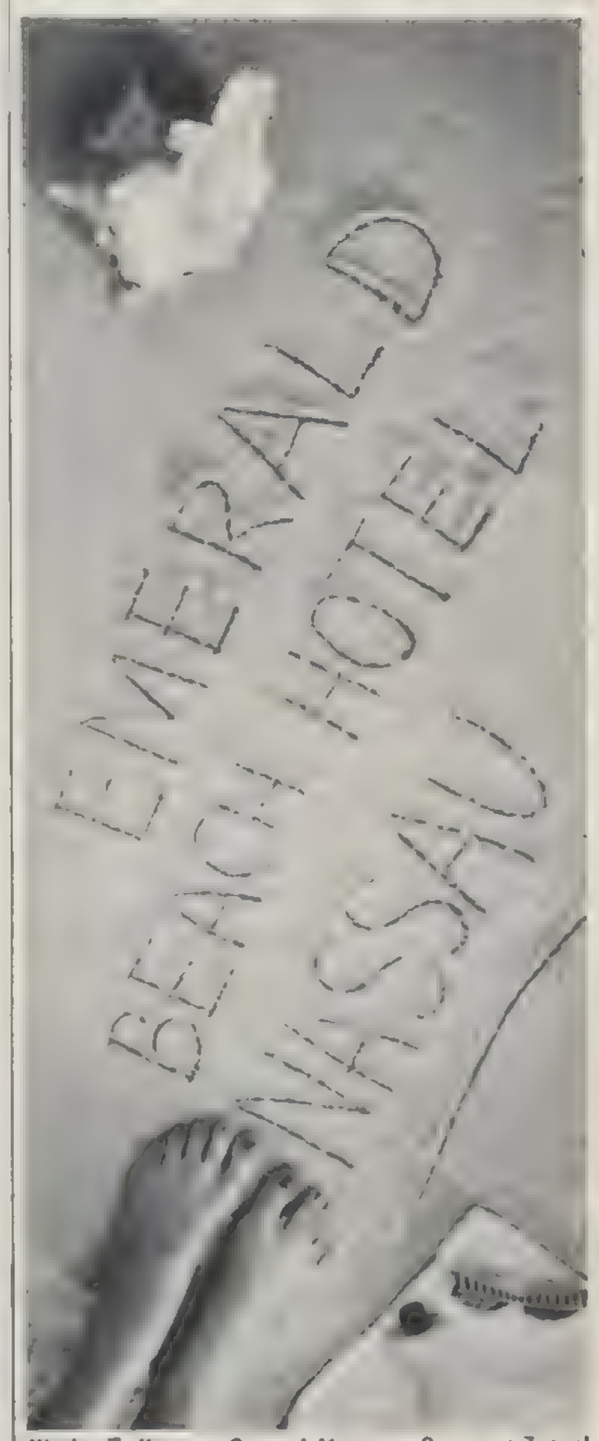
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FASHION IN ITALY

(Continued from page 62)

ballroom chairs which seem to have been invented for purposes of the couture.

In addition to the six hundred so seated (which included the fashion press of the world and buyers from England, Germany, the U.S.A., and, so we heard, a few from France), there were this spring about a hundred extra guests who had cards but no assigned seats. They hung about the doors anxiously eyeing the chairs of the regulars, and darting in to take over a seat when one of the press people went off to send cables. This really remarkable turnout—for the fifteenth Florentine show—has grown in seven years from a total of five buyers who were gathered together in 1951 in the salon of Mr. G. B. Georgini, prime mover of the Florence fashion shows.

The Florence showings followed on the Roman showings, moving to the Pitti Palace three of the top Roman designers, Capucci, Simonetta, and Fabiani. In Rome, the houses showed, as is usual in all the rest of the world, in their own salons, with the exception of one or two who showed in the Hotel Excelsior.

In Italy, the chemise basis has been used in as many different ways as there are designers. There, as in Paris, the tightly fitted torso is a thing completely unseen, except in a few evening clothes which were not so much a part of current fashion news as a beautiful, classic evening convention.

So then, the Italian news: very short skirts for day and mostly for evening; the unfitted line, sometimes with low blousing but newest and most interesting when it falls from an Empire waist just below the bosom. (The young and beautiful Italian women have been wearing the new, softer line for a longer time, perhaps, than any other chic women in the world.) Then there was the new very long torso, completely unfitted, bursting into ruffles or pleats at the knees; this line in everything from printed cottons to chiffon and lace. Extraordinarily beautiful prints, looking unlike prints of any other country—romantic, beautifully strange colours. Hundreds of skirts with blousing hems; many, many straight semi-sheath dresses with loose scarf-like drapery floating when the wearer is in motion; and as one expects with the Italian designers, coats superbly cut, tailored and finished within an inch of their Italian lives.

In any case, the collections in Italy gave an impression of vitality, of imagination, and a sort of uninhibited daring that seemed to spring from the pure pleasure of designing. The Italian clothes are refreshing, frequently beautiful, occasionally extraordinary.

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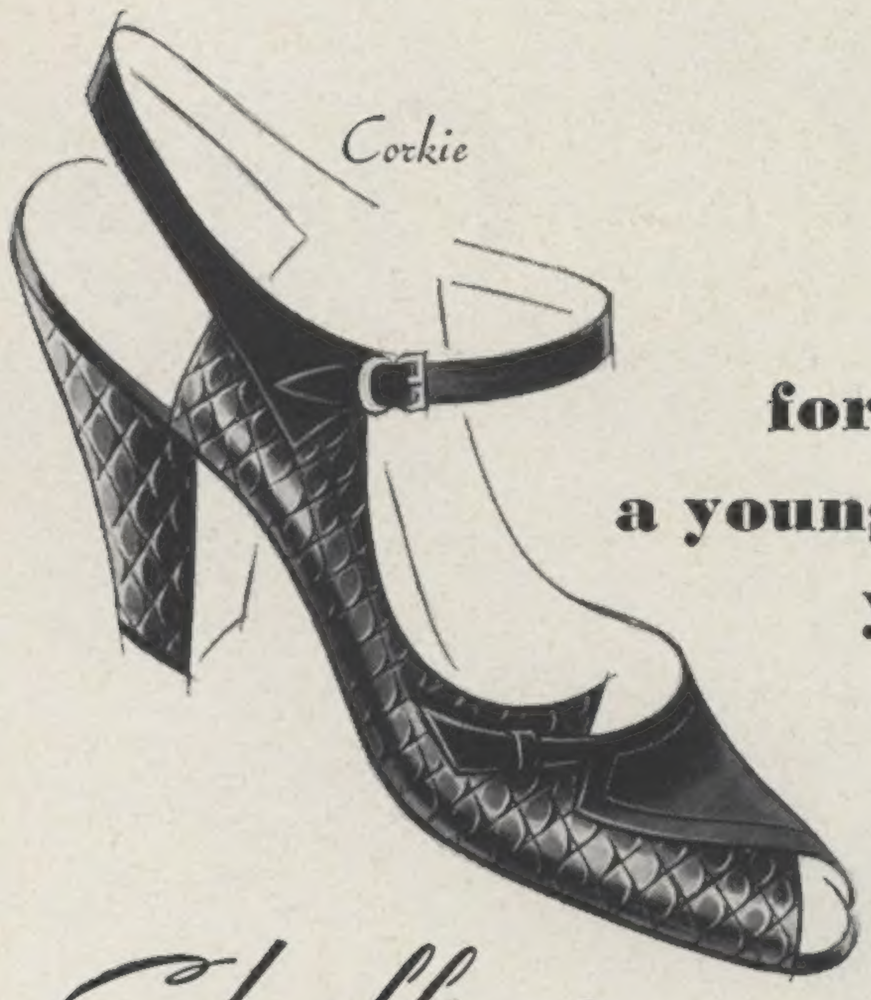


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BRAZIL

(*Continued from page 132*)

deal, Chateaubriand has a massive amount of power, which he fully uses. Some of that power he used in organizing his Museum. For almost his first step, he brought over P. M. Bardi, then an art historian in Italy, an early defender of Morandi, Sironi, Severini, De Chirico in his metaphysical phase, and Fazzini. The Museum has not only galleries but an auditorium for movies, fashion shows, concerts, and lectures.

Now in the Museum, along with gifts from various industrialists in the country and out of it, there hangs Winston Churchill's "The Blue Drawing Room at Trent Park." To buy it, Ambassador Chateaubriand flew from São Paulo to London to bid on it at a charity auction at Christie's; the underbidder was Robert Montgomery. It is extraordinary for a museum, in such a short time, to acquire so large and distinguished a collection, which includes a Zurbaran, four big Toulouse-Lautrecs, many rare eighteenth-century Brazilian sculptures, mostly of the Holy Family, a large collection of fifteenth-century Italian ceramics, a number of Picassos, several of the best Renoirs, and a miscellany of good examples of the art of many countries. Whenever an important painting is acquired, the Ambassador, a master at publicity, gives it a great party. In Brazil, everything is possible.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns on pages 110-113)



Above, left: Paris Original Model by Dessès; dress with buttoned, wrapped front, fitted back. Vogue Pattern 1405, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Size 14 needs 1¾ yards of 54" fabric. Price, $2.50.
Above, right: Paris Original Model by Nina Ricci; three-piece suit. Vogue Pattern 1402, in sizes 12 to 20 (32 to 40). In size 14: 4 yards 54" fabric for coat and skirt; 2¼ yards 39" fabric for blouse. $2.50.



Above, left: Paris Original Model by Griffe; dress with an over-mould of drapery. Vogue Pattern 1403, in sizes 10 to 16 (31 to 36). For size 14, 5⅞ yards of 39" fabric for dress and over-dress. $2.50.
Above, right: Paris Original Model by Grès, the chemise with loose back, belted front. Vogue Pattern 1404, in sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Needed for size 14, 2⅞ yards of 39" fabric. Price, $2.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS are available at important shops in every city or by mail (postage prepaid), from Department V, Vogue Pattern Service, Greenwich, Connecticut; and in Canada, at 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

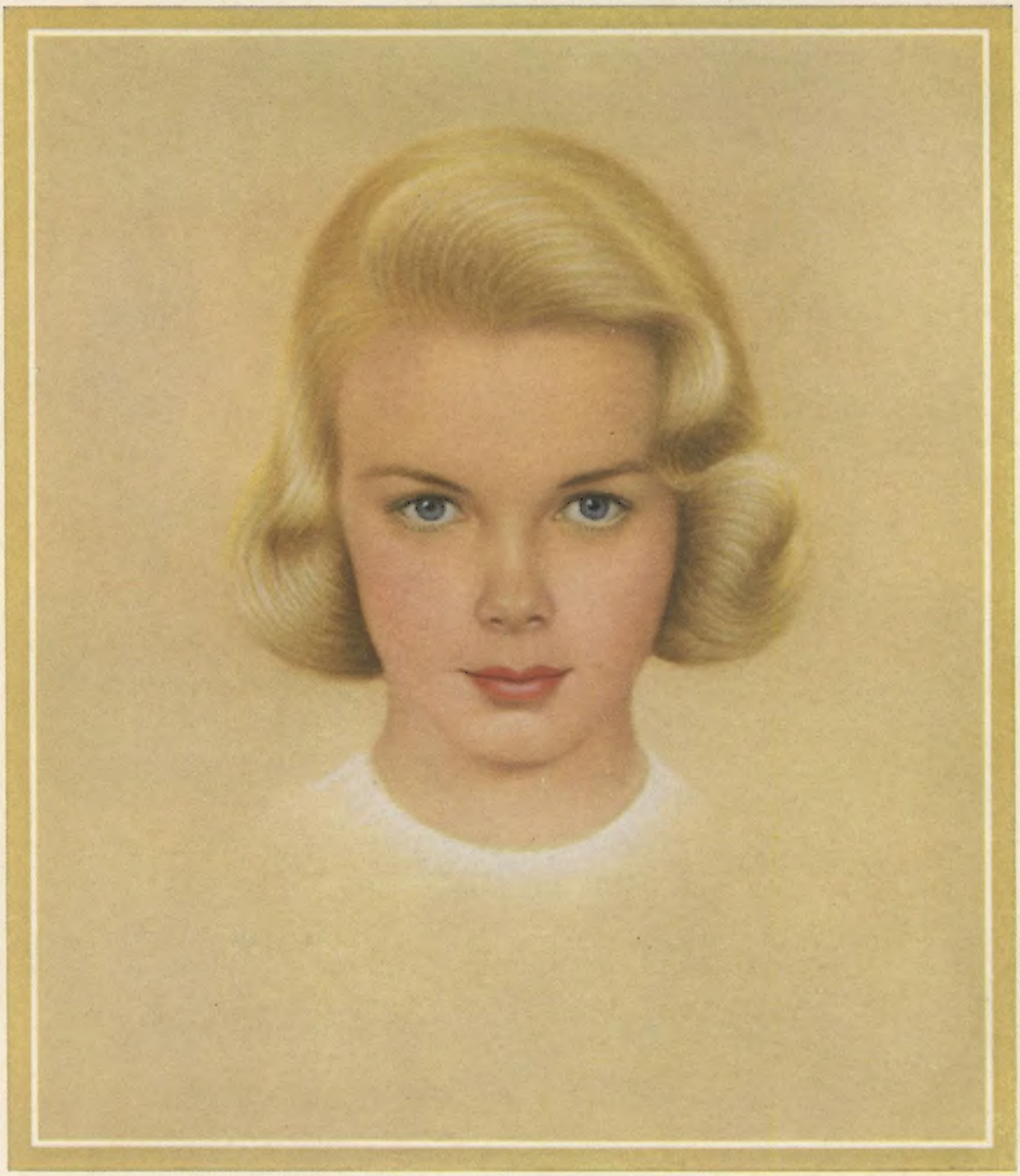
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